The New Statesman and Nation, July 11, 1936. PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 23 1936

THE OXFORD GROUP

with drawing by KAPP

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XII. No. 281 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1936 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 37
THE END OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY 40
THE DISCONTENTS OF LABOUR 41
A LONDON DIARY. By John Hilton 42
THIS ENGLAND 44
GOD-CONTROL. By Kingsley Martin 44
DRAWING OF FRANK BUCHMAN. By Kapp . . 45
CORRESPONDENCE 46
From Eleanor F. Rathbone, M.P.; "A Socialist"; Prof. George E. G. Catlin; "Birmingham"; Irene and Donald Grant; Rev. E. O. Iredell; J. B. Chapman; "Mother of Five"; "Assistant Curator"; Sir Wyndham Deedes and Dr. R. H. Crowley; Henry M. Sayers; Alec. F. Morley; Kenneth Baird; E. C. R. Lorac.
THE BOOK. By Maxim Gorki 49
PLAYS AND PICTURES 51
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 53
REVIEWS:
The Weather in the Streets. By Elizabeth Bowen 54
Fox. By Roger Fulford 54
The Greek Middle Ages. By C. M. Bowra . 56
Round England. By John Betjeman . . . 58
Imperialism in Retreat. By Michael Foot . . 60
Law and/or Justice? 60
Charming, But—— 62
Regency Letters. 62
Central Europe. By Elizabeth Wiskemann . . 64
SHORTER NOTICES 64
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson . . . 66
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 68
CROSSWORD 69
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 70

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Assembly has formally decreed the burial of sanctions; the nails will be driven into the coffin next week. The despairing request of the Emperor for a loan of £10,000,000 for the recovery of his country of course fell on deaf ears at Geneva. But what about loans to Italy? The British Government, we are told, does not contemplate anything so scandalous. There are private persons, however, who do; and pressure by Italy, in the form of what are called "counter-sanctions," may presently weaken virtuous resolves not to assist the robber to consolidate his loot. Nor is it certain that the "non-recognition" of Mussolini's conquest and annexation will last for long. Abyssinia may be of no more importance to Europe than is Manchukuo, but Italy is in the middle of Europe and Japan is thousands of miles away. Some of the European States have been frightened out of their wits by Mussolini. Others, with a touching belief in the value of the poacher turned gamekeeper, hanker after his help in keeping Hitler in the path of rectitude.

Danzig Next?

After Italy, Germany. Herr Greiser, the Nazi leader in Danzig, was summoned to Geneva to defend his regime against charges of bad behaviour. His defence took the form of defiance and more bad behaviour. We need not waste ink over his schoolboy impudence; the important question is whether this episode and the insults to Mr. Lester, the League High Commissioner, are the deliberate prelude to something more serious. "Hitler is stronger than the League," says Herr Greiser. That looks deplorably true. But what remains to be seen is whether Hitler will be stronger than the forces that further aggression may raise up against him. If the Nazis are planning a coup at Danzig (after the Olympic Games presumably), they will have to reckon with Poland, who is most closely interested in the status of the Free City and the Corridor. Hitler can hardly afford to make his friend—or half-friend—into an enemy, though he may hope to find some means of squaring her. So far the Polish Government have taken a cautious line over this incident, but they are asking for explanations and assurances, and the semi-official press in Warsaw has uttered an emphatic warning against any attempt to incorporate Danzig in the German Reich. We shall publish next week an article on the situation from our special correspondent in Danzig.

Trouble Over the Dardanelles

The Dardanelles Conference at Montreux has got into rough water after its favourable start. Each of the nations concerned with the Straits and the Black Sea is, of course, trying to secure its own interests, real or supposed. That,

to the surprise of many of us, did not seem at the outset to be an obstacle to a satisfactory agreement. But now there is a serious clash over certain of the British proposals—in particular those relating to the passage of ships in time of war. The British contention is that in war time, if Turkey is neutral (an odd supposition this, unless the Covenant is to be scrapped !) the Straits should be open to all belligerent ships, but with the proviso that Turkey should have the right to close them if her security is threatened. The Russians want complete closure to belligerents, except in the case of ships acting under the auspices of the League—and that, in the French and Russian view, should include action under the Franco-Soviet Pact. Rumour said that Mr. Litvinov had been instructed to withdraw from the Conference unless his claim was conceded. This, however, has been denied, and as we write it is suggested that a compromise may be reached through the mediation of France. If and when a new Convention is agreed upon, it will presumably be held up at the pleasure of Italy, who has refused to take part in the Conference, but whose assent is necessary to any change in the Lausanne Treaty of 1923.

Egyptian Treaty Negotiations

The news from Egypt is better. The *Daily Mail* came out on Tuesday with a great headline of " Surrender," and went on to talk of the " jeopardising of our position in the Mediterranean " and of a " humiliation " comparable to the " surrender in India." All this means simply that the British Government have at last agreed (as Mr. Arthur Henderson had agreed in the abortive negotiations in 1930 and as his predecessors ought to have agreed years before that) to the Egyptian demand for the removal of British troops from Cairo to Ismailia. This belated common sense is not a surrender, and it jeopardises nothing. It is one of the necessary conditions of a genuine friendship with Egypt, and the Government are to be congratulated on overriding the resistance to it which was put up by their military advisers. It is to be coupled with an arrangement for strengthening the British Air Force in Egypt ; and it is understood that the evacuation of Cairo will not be carried out till the new quarters on the Canal are ready and the Egyptian forces themselves are expanded. We hope that other questions in dispute between the two countries will be settled in a way which will cause equal disgust to our die-hards.

M. Blum and " The Leagues "

The Blum Government has already in its first six weeks a big list of economic reforms to its credit. Faithful to its programme, it has also dissolved the Fascist Leagues by decree. But being a democratic Government, it has been reluctant to resort to any sort of personal repression, even in the case of open enemies of the regime. As a result the dissolution of the Leagues has not broken their " mobilisation technique," and although the Croix de Feu and the rest of them were greatly bewildered at first, they seem again to have taken courage—to the extent of organising a first class brawl in the Champs Elysées last Sunday, with a promise of bigger brawls during the Fête Nationale on July 14th. Their present method is reminiscent of the Royalist rioting in the Boulevard Saint Germain at the time of the Stavisky scandals, a method which prepared the " atmosphere " for the great riot of February 6th. But there is no Stavisky scandal in progress now, and in the eyes of the country the Blum Government has rehabilitated the authority of Parliament. If the Leagues persist in their agitation the Government may have to deal with them in a less democratic way, and there may also be a sharp response from the French working class. The question whether the enemies of democracy should be allowed full licence is a vital one, and there is a strong tendency on the Left to answer it in the negative. Those Radicals who are intriguing against the Government in the press and the Senate and Chamber lobbies, should stop to think. Neither they nor the country can gain anything from a reactionary offensive. To save the Republic from the Front Populaire will only be to kill it.

The Labour Struggle in America

The struggle between the American Federation of Labor and Mr. John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation is coming to a head. The A.F. of L., still rejects the obviously correct course of unionising such unorganised industries as steel, automobiles and rubber on industrial rather than craft lines, despite the evident failure of its attempts to enrol the workers concerned, and despite their obvious preference for a more inclusive form of organisation. Mr. Lewis and his United Mine Workers, with the support of nine other leading Unions in the A.F. of L., are no less determined to go on with their organising campaign on a basis of industrial unionism ; and the A.F. of L. now threatens to sign its own death-warrant by expelling or suspending the dissentients. Meanwhile, the steel companies have issued a defiant proclamation against the attempts to unionise their employees, who are at present enrolled in " company unions " under the employers' control. The attitude of the companies violates Mr. Roosevelt's " Labor Relations " law, which lays down the right of free association. If, as seems likely, there is a steel strike, both the Federal and the State Governments will be drawn into the struggle, which is almost certain to be violent, for the steel companies will resort to any and every method of intimidation within their power, and endeavour, as on previous occasions, to use the State police and militia for breaking the strike. They will, however, not have matters all their own way this time ; for in some States the Governors have already expressed the view that the steel companies are acting in defiance of the law.

Beef

Foreign beef and veal are to be added to the schedule of taxed foodstuffs. Empire beef and veal are not to be subject to tax ; and for the present no duties are to be imposed on imports of mutton or lamb from any source. The revenue from the beef duty is to be paid direct to the Exchequer ; but a roughly equivalent subsidy, not exceeding £5,000,000 a year, is to be paid to the home producers under a scheme designed to encourage quality production. Quantitative regulation of Empire imports will continue ; and an Empire Meat Council will have the duty of securing stable market conditions. An International Meat Conference, representing the principal foreign suppliers as well as the home and Empire producers, is also to be set up. Unless a different decision

is reached through these complementary bodies, aggregate beef imports for the next three years are not to exceed recent levels. This, in summary, is the "permanent" beef control scheme which Mr. Elliot described to the House of Commons on Monday. It is not to come into force just yet; indeed, power is to be taken to extend the existing subsidy until July of next year. Mr. Elliot says that the effect of the new arrangements will not be to stimulate expanded output at home, but only to secure the home producers a reasonably remunerative price. But the plain truth is that the market ought to expand, if the people are to have enough to eat; and a scheme calculated in some degree at least to raise prices is likely to lessen rather than increase consumption. Moreover, the livestock producers are to receive a permanent subsidy without any compulsion to improve their methods or organisation. Mr. Elliot does promise a Marketing Scheme at some future date; but surely the subsidy should have been made conditional on its establishment.

Towards a National Road System

A Bill is to be introduced in the autumn for transferring 4,500 miles of trunk roads from the county councils to the Ministry of Transport, and thus instituting the beginnings of a national road system. Mr. Hore-Belisha has also announced the establishment of a committee to inquire into the observance of the standards of wages and conditions laid down for road transport workers through the existing machinery of conciliation. As to the national road system, the change is less than the bare announcement would seem to imply; for the actual road work is still to be done by the county councils, but paid for by the State and executed in accordance with standards nationally prescribed. This is undoubtedly a substantial step forward, though we are still a long way off re-planning our road system on a scale corresponding to the enormous actual and prospective expansion of traffic. Moreover, the change will not affect roads lying within county borough areas, and will therefore do nothing to remedy the growing congestion at points where the main traffic arteries pass through the big towns. As for the committee on road transport wages and conditions, it was high time for something to be done. It is common knowledge that the prescribed conditions as to wages and hours are being disregarded with impunity, and that the Traffic Commissioners do not at present make the issue and retention of licences for road vehicles conditional on their observance. These evasions ought to be stopped.

Jarrow—and More than Jarrow

The question of the proposed steel works at Jarrow has now widened out into an issue of national importance. The facts revealed in the House of Commons, and in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, show that the British Iron and Steel Federation, a body set up under Government auspices and enjoying large privileges from the State as the official representative of the industry, has successfully obstructed the development of the Jarrow scheme, after its commercial soundness had been approved by a leading firm of consultants employed by the Federation itself. It is, of course, true enough that the Federation has no formal power to prevent anyone who likes from building a new steel works at Jarrow; but the fact remains that, in face of the Federation's refusal to co-operate, there would not be the smallest chance of the scheme securing adequate financial support. The Federation has an effective, though not a legal, veto, and this it has exercised in the interests of the Tees-side firms, which fear the competition of an up-to-date works on Tyneside producing at lower cost. The whole affair illustrates the extreme danger of conferring powers of virtual monopoly on a body of private capitalists without any effective provision for public control.

The B.B.C. Debate

The Postmaster-General on Monday had to face criticism from all sides of the House because of his refusal to follow more closely the recommendations of the Ullswater Committee. As regards the relay exchange system, the Government seem to be making the worst of both worlds by postponing for three years the decision as to whether some form of public control should be instituted. The Government have three more years to make up their minds: the companies have to bet on their chances of retaining their independence, and will no doubt spend as much on development as they think the risk worth. More important is the refusal to appoint a Cabinet Minister responsible for dealing with general matters of broadcasting policy. Major Tryon claimed that such an appointment would conflict with the principle of independent management which lies at the basis of the Charter. Everyone wishes to see this practice of governmental non-interference maintained. Yet it is idle to pretend there is no intervention—the Corporation is subjected to every kind of pressure and cannot altogether disregard Whitehall or Downing Street. This is to some extent inevitable, and the best check is Parliament's right to debate general issues of B.B.C. policy and ask questions on issues of principle. The debate as a whole provided a good means of voicing public feeling regarding the B.B.C. The Government has already done something to remove one apprehension by promising to approve the formation of a staff organisation.

Malnutrition

The revelations of the nutrition experts have aroused the general public to the urgency of the problem. The Government regard it with much more complacency. In the House on Wednesday the Minister of Health seemed chiefly concerned to discredit the evidence of widespread undernourishment. Sir John Orr, he said, had been dealing not with minimum but with optimum standards. The fall in the death rate proved that there was no cause for alarm. He also, as a good Conservative, upheld the comfortable bourgeois doctrine that malnutrition is due to ignorance rather than poverty. All this inevitably drove Labour speakers to claim that good health was fundamentally a class issue. The Government have decided that no bold and comprehensive attack on the mischief is needed. They are content with their present policy of subsidising the farmers and the manufacturers, meanwhile expressing the pious hope that some benefits from these doles will trickle through to the bellies of the poor. The debate was concluded by the Minister of Agriculture, the real arbiter of the country's nutrition policy, who offered the House the usual dose of soothing syrup.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE END OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY

WHEN the Italian journalists booed the Abyssinian Emperor and the Nazi Führer of Danzig put his fingers to his nose in derision of the League Council, these gestures marked the end of an epoch. In its characteristic fashion Fascism was announcing to the world that it had destroyed " collective security," and would proceed on its own way with as much regard for the League as a motorist pays to a flock of pigeons on the road. It is not an accident that each of the three great Fascist Powers, Japan, Italy and Germany, are in unresolved conflict with the League and have acted exactly as they would have acted if the League had never existed. They consciously stand for a doctrine of national egoism and imperialist expansion which cannot in any circumstances be reconciled with a Covenant that imposes the duty of submitting all disputes to pacific settlement and of pooling resources against any Power which resorts to war. The Covenant, indeed, with its insistence on peace, disarmament, arbitration and minority rights, is the consummation of nineteenth-century liberalism ; it was necessarily the most spectacular casualty in the war which Mussolini declared on the " putrefying corpse of liberty " and which the Nazi leaders announced against all the liberal inheritance of Europe.

The democratic Powers could only have defended the principles of their existence if they had believed in them as sincerely as Hitler and Mussolini hated them. But in each dispute the capitalist Governments of Britain and France were hopelessly divided and half-hearted. Never for a moment have they understood that, if the League was to succeed, the territory of all member-States had to be regarded as if it were part of their own Empires, and that if they wished to prevent war they had to make it clear that they were prepared, if necessary, to fight for the Covenant. It has never occurred to them that they might have to disregard their direct national interests for the over-riding common interest in substituting law for anarchy. Looking back to-day, we can see that the League as an addition to the old diplomacy, as a loose confederation of Sovereign States, each pursuing its own interests, without any close ties of economic or political co-operation, was bound in any case to be a failure. To-day, after sixteen years of League history, a large percentage of the populace in the democratic countries has come, in face of the Abyssinian dispute, to realise the nature of the peace problem and the obligations of League membership. How far our rulers still are from this realisation we may judge from Sir John Simon's boast that the British Government had not been willing to risk a single battleship " for the sake of Abyssinia." It was not Abyssinia primarily for which British battleships were required to run risks. If we were not prepared to run the risk of Mussolini attacking a British fleet, mobilised to prevent a breach of international peace, then we had no business to be members of the League of Nations.

The incredible muddle into which the Government has led us is most simply illustrated, as Mr. Winston Churchill has pointed out, by three consecutive statements of Mr. Baldwin that sanctions meant war, that he would never lead this country into war, and that he had decided on a policy of sanctions. It is well to remember with this débâcle in front of us that Article 16, which demands an immediate and complete economic boycott of an aggressor State, was never put into operation, that sanctions have not failed since they have never been properly tried, that there is not the remotest hope of a League of Nations as at present constituted achieving the objects or honouring the obligations laid down in the Covenant.

If there ever is peace in the world it will be achieved by a closer union of States whose Governments believe in their own professions. For the time let us honestly recognise that " collective security " and the " collective system " no longer exist, although Governments which have betrayed them continue to use the words in order to procure popular acquiescence in preparation for the next war. At the moment there is an even wider division than usual between the popular impression of the situation and the actual situation as discussed by the inner circle which controls foreign policy. A large part of the country believes that we failed against Mussolini because we were not strong enough, and that we are now re-arming in order to re-establish a system of collective security. But that is a pretence for the public ; out of earshot of journalists, our rulers readily admit that they were afraid to upset a Fascist dictator, and entertained the comic hope that he might prove our loyal ally against Hitler. We are re-arming because, since the collective system is jettisoned, the old forces which make nations anxious to be strong for the defence of their own interests compel us to re-arm. Britain, at the moment, has no foreign policy, and it is for this reason and not because of our pretended " weakness " that no one trusts us or knows which side we shall be on, or if we shall attempt neutrality. If Europe shivers as the land shivers before an earthquake, the reason is that everyone knows that the Fascist Powers have a free hand to do as they will. In the governing classes of England there are few who see as clearly as Mr. Churchill that the collapse of the League and the triumph of Fascism mean the end of the British Empire as well as of other things which some of us cherish even more. The Government is divided ; the City is frankly pro-Hitler ; the Foreign Office, though retaining its traditional hostility to Germany, fosters the notion of co-operating with Italy and France to guard the West of Europe while giving a hint to Hitler that he will have a free hand in the East. They hope to buy a few more years of feverish war preparation while Hitler realises Bismarck's dream of a Europe dominated by Germany from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Then perhaps our hands will be free to sell the munitions of war to Germany when the conflict actually breaks out between Germany and Russia. In spite of the ostensible improvement in our relations and in spite of the conversion of many intelligent capitalists, our ruling class retains its fear of Communist Russia, fear, not that the U.S.S.R. will attack any of her neighbours—not even the most virulent anti-Bolshevik tries to defend so absurd a thesis—but that the success of Socialism in Russia will rouse the proletariat of other countries also to demand a system which is compatible with full employment, adequate leisure, a rising standard of life and a peaceful foreign policy.

It is worth while for all those who have supported the League to remember these facts in the period of confusion and sham fighting before us. There will be plenty of

bargaining and wrangling with Hitler, as there has been with Mussolini. The result, if Hitler plays his cards adroitly, will be the same. There is not the real will to check Hitler any more than there was the real will to stop Mussolini. The only occasion on which a war-like mood will be easily revived in the British upper class will be when Russia is involved. Remember that the National Government did its best in private to stop the Franco-Soviet pact. One of its leading members has recently referred to that pact as one of the greatest disasters in post-war history. Remember that throughout the disputes with Hitler and Mussolini an influential section of the British press has been openly pro-Fascist, and an even more influential section only half-heartedly on the side of the League. Remember that when a few years ago the Russians dared to try some British engineers for espionage, Britain imposed economic sanctions within 48 hours, while all the vocabulary of abuse, which had been kept in cold storage since its use against Germany in the last war, was revived against the U.S.S.R. In five minutes Russia became once again a country of barbarians and "orang-outangs." These are facts which the Labour Party would do well to recall when it is asked to prepare for war in defence of "collective security." The attempt is made to put pacifists in a dilemma by asking them whether they are prepared in the interests of collective security to fight for Czechoslovakia. The answer is that this country under the National Government will never "fight for Czechoslovakia" and is unlikely to work loyally with Soviet Russia which would be involved in such a war. The answer is also that, even if the Covenant were still operative, it does not ask us to "fight" in Central Europe, but obliges us not to remain neutral, but to co-operate, according to the express definition of our obligations, with those who are fighting by imposing a financial and trade embargo on the aggressor. As for its policy when it again comes to power, Labour will necessarily try to piece together such shattered remnants of the collective system as still remain. It may then be possible to build within the League a group of States, which by economic, cultural and political federation can hold together to defend their own territory and to develop a co-operative social life.

But what of Labour's policy while it remains in opposition? The danger is that, hypnotised by the menace of Nazi Germany, Labour will be deceived, as so many loyal supporters of the League were at the last election, by the Government's continued talk of collective security. Surely that lesson should have been sufficiently learnt by now. The collective system has been shattered and the Government's policy for the League (if indeed there is a policy and not merely the indiscretions of individual statesmen) is so to emasculate the Covenant that the world will be formally as well as actually safe for aggressors. In fact, as we have pointed out in several articles recently, Labour's policy in these circumstances is already laid down for it in the official declarations of the party conference in past years. Labour has declared a loyalty to the Covenant which, in Mr. Attlee's words,

> over-rides the claims of the Government in war. Or, to put it in another way, we consider that the rights of the State over its citizens in war are subordinated to the way in which the Government of that State performs its duty to the world community on the issue of the preservation of peace. . . . If the collective peace system were destroyed the Socialist resistance to war would have to assume a purely revolutionary form.

In saying this the leader of the Labour Party was in fact only restating in precise terms the significance of accepted official policy.

There are difficulties and dangers in this frankly revolutionary policy to which Labour is committed. To carry it out will need a far stiffer attitude on the part of the leaders of organised Labour. At present the Trade Unions are being courted by the Government whose war preparations cannot be carried out without working-class co-operation. They will be told that by non-co-operation and an avowed policy of war resistance, except in the unlikely event of a genuine reconstitution of the League, they are splitting the country in face of national danger. If they cannot stand up against such charges they are of no more use than were the Social Democratic leaders of Germany or Britain in 1914.

And what is the alternative for the Opposition? To go on mouthing collective security, as the Government wishes it to, will hopelessly divide its forces. With the débâcle of the League the unifying factor in Labour's foreign policy has gone. The pacifist Lansbury section of the Party will be far stronger, so will the revolutionary Left. Only on a policy of war resistance to this Government can Labour retain unity. If the Party chooses to fall into the trap it will be an object of public flattery, but secret contempt; it will forfeit its independence and be helplessly dragged into the shambles which will not be any the less a shambles because the sheep bleat "collective security" on their way to slaughter.

THE DISCONTENTS OF LABOUR

DURING the past two years, wherever the level of money wages in Great Britain has remained practically unchanged, the cost of living has begun to move quite significantly upwards. The level of retail prices this spring, according to the estimates of the Ministry of Labour, has been four or five points above that of the corresponding months of last year; and these again were substantially higher than the figures for the two previous years. By way of compensation, there has been some further progress towards restoring the emergency wage-cuts made in 1931; and here and there wages have been advanced somewhat beyond the 1931 level. But real wage-rates, or in other words, money rates of wages as related to the cost of living, were definitely lower on the average at the end of 1935 than in either of the two previous years. Great Britain, by general consent, had been experiencing during these years a considerable degree of economic recovery; but this was accompanied by a noticeable, albeit still small, decline in the real remuneration of the average worker in employment.

It is true that, even in face of this decline, the purchasing power of wages remained higher than it was before the slump set in. On account of the general decline in world prices, which enabled even the depreciated pound sterling to purchase foodstuffs at very cheap rates in the world market, an average fall of about three per cent. in money wage-rates, left average purchasing power of workers in full employment at a level roughly eleven per cent. above that of 1929. By the end of 1935 this gain in purchasing power had been reduced to about nine per cent.; and it has fallen further since. But it remains substantial, although, of course, the gain is very unevenly spread among the various trades, and if allowance is made for unemployment and short-time working, certain groups have to record not a gain but an actual loss. Nevertheless, many employers contend that the British workers, as a class, ought to be well content with a situation which has enabled them to pass through the greatest slump in history with their average purchasing power not diminished, but positively increased.

This is felt the more because, when Great Britain went off the gold standard, many employers and most financial experts regarded the depreciation of sterling as an indirect means of reducing wages that were too high in face of the prevailing conditions of international competition. When, owing to the sharp fall in world prices, this did not happen, there grew up a feeling that the workers, having reaped an unexpected windfall gain, were in some sense in debt to circumstances, and under a moral obligation not to press for wage-advances, even if the cost of living subsequently rose. The Trade Unions, though they would have repudiated any such commitment, were not influenced by the unexpectedly high level at which real wage rates were maintained, and were disposed to remain in a posture of defence in preference to embarking upon forward movements which, they felt, would encounter keen resistance at a time when there were still many workers unemployed, and Government hostility to any threat of disturbance to " industrial peace " could be regarded as certain.

In the workshops themselves, however, there has been growing up gradually a different point of view. The ordinary workers are conscious less of the fact that the purchasing power of full-time wages is higher now than it was before the slump, than of currently rising prices and of the rapidly increasing productivity of labour. There can be no doubt that, under the influence of the depression, employers in many industries have not only raised productivity by greater mechanisation, but also speeded up the pace of work, without any addition to wages corresponding to the increased effort demanded from the workers. In such circumstances, demands and discontents accumulate piecemeal, factory by factory rather than trade by trade; and their outcome has been seen already in a growing number of strikes in single establishments, especially in the newer and more highly mechanised branches of production, in which Trade Unionism has been hitherto comparatively weak.

These strikes have been in many cases unauthorised by the Trade Unions, and sometimes in violation of the forms of negotiation established under the auspices of the Trade Union leaders. They have been, in certain instances, legitimised after the event; but almost always the impulsion has come not from the Trade Unions officially, but from below. These strikes have been widely represented as the outcome of " Communist agitation "; and doubtless Communists have endeavoured to take an active part in fomenting and conducting them wherever the opportunity has occurred. But, fundamentally, these sporadic movements are due, not to the perversity of Communists, but to a spontaneous drive from below towards higher wages and improved working conditions, for which existing Trade Union methods are felt to provide an inadequate support. Where Communists succeed in taking the lead, this happens less because they are Communists than in default of any other militant leadership. It means, not that the workers have been won over to Communism, but only that they are increasingly conscious of grievance, and ready for action as soon as leadership of any sort can be procured.

There is, in these circumstances, a large amount of inflammable material among the British wage-workers. We have seen recently in France how political conditions can react upon the temper of the industrial movement, and how the return to office of a Government broadly favourable to the workers' interests can create, almost overnight, the conditions requisite for spontaneous strike action spreading with wildfire rapidity from trade to trade. In the present temper of the British workers, the return of a Government of the Left at a general election, if this were immediately possible, would in all probability produce similar reactions. But, short of that, the French example seems likely to have some effect in speeding up the temper of industrial action in Great Britain, even while the present Government remains in power. If the French workers, much less strongly organised in Trade Unions than the British, can by strikes and threats to strike so easily secure the political concession of the forty-hour week, this spectacular example can hardly be lost on their friends on the other side of the Channel, or be without influence in pushing the Trade Union branches, and even the largely unorganised workers in some of the highly mechanised trades which are working under conditions of prosperity, in the direction of more vigorous industrial action.

British employers will, of course, argue—as their representatives have been arguing at Geneva during the past fortnight, and as the French employers have been vainly protesting to M. Blum—that the concessions demanded by the workers would, if they were granted, destroy all prospects of further economic recovery, and put in jeopardy the revival that has come about since the bottom of the world slump. This line of argument, however, becomes less and less convincing as it is made more evident to what an extent the general level of industrial activity is dependent on the maintenance of a high level of consuming power. It is now widely recognised that Great Britain's comparative success in meeting the difficult years which followed the American collapse of 1929 was largely helped by the keeping of British wages at a relatively high level; and in face of rapidly expanding productivity, still to a great extent unexploited, not only workers but also many economists have become very sceptical of the old arguments about the limits set to wage-advances by the exigencies of international competition.

Of course, no one denies that there are limits to the extent to which any country can raise its wage-earners' standard of living, or that, if it depends largely on foreign trade, the wage-levels of other countries are among the forces which fix these limits. But the question is whether wages are as high as they could be without passing these bounds, and whether the economic system would not function with more activity and efficiency if they were at least somewhat higher than they are. At all events, after the period of inactivity—due partly to the world slump, but also partly to the after effects of the General Strike of 1926—there is now an undoubted stirring in the world of labour, and a disposition at least to test the ability of British industry to grant them further concessions in respect of both wages and hours.

The Trade Unions will have, in the very near future, to consider placing themselves actively at the head of this movement, in preference to letting it develop through the spread of sporadic and spontaneous strikes. Still more will this necessity arise if, during the next few weeks, there arises a widespread agitation over the new regulations for the administration of Unemployment Assistance. The clamour of last year showed plainly that beneath the apparent calm of the British industrial order, there exist powerful forces of working-class discontent, lacking only leadership and co-ordination to make them formidable and nation-wide. Hitherto the Trade Unions have deliberately refrained from stirring up these forces; the leaders have indeed for the most part done their best to damp them down. But it is now, at any rate, a matter for careful consideration whether further delay is wise, and whether the time is not now ripe for a big forward movement comparable in scale and character with that of the years immediately before the war. It is not likely to have the sympathy of our " National " Government, who do not realise the part that they could and should play in promoting the welfare of the greatest part of the nation. But it will be a proper challenge to their complacency.

A LONDON DIARY

OUR authorities seem fated to time badly anything to do with Unemployment Assistance. The postponement of the issue of the new regulations until the eve of the recess has already given opponents something to raise a fuss about. But that is a trifle; there is far worse to come. Believe it or believe it not, the regulations are to come into force in November. Last time, that ill-fated last time, it was January; and one must admit that January has its points as the worst of all

possible months for the job: but November runs it close. I myself think November wins. In November there are few jobs going; the queue is lengthening; stagnant cold has come; fog is about; food is going dearer; the house must have some warmth and some light; the need of coats and blankets and mended shoes is being felt; and there is not much left on the allotment but a few frost-bitten greens. January may be worse by some of these reckonings, but November *feels* worse. And in this month of November the new regulations are to begin to operate. Well, no unemployed family will be able to say: "They put it on us when they knew we should feel it least." Those who see cunning everywhere will be persuaded that November was chosen because then no one is in the mood to make a shindy; but surely anyone so cunning as all that would have remembered how we meet the glooms of November with fireworks.

* * *

The fault may be mine, but I have seen very little in the press about the effect upon spectators of the personal bearing of the Emperor of Abyssinia before the League Assembly. Here is the account of a seasoned eye-witness, well inured to Assembly orators and orations. "Yesterday I listened to the speech of the Negus. I have never heard or seen anything quite so impressive as his manner of delivering it. He did not move a finger or a muscle of his face. It was that kind of ultimate self-control and self-restraint that comes of great suffering nobly borne. I had an odd feeling that he was unreal; as if he belonged to a dream world, as if he were a sort of shadow. He seemed to radiate a spiritual quality in the light of which that congregation of go-getters didn't quite know where they were or what they ought to do. When the Italian journalists yelled at him he stood there quite still, quite unmoved, very King-like. The way he left the Assembly after having listened to the interpretation of his speech was so full of ancient dignity and inner strength and repose, that for two pins I could believe souls are in transit and his has been journeying for ages and ages. I had the feeling, and I've still got it, that his very presence there before the Assembly was an Event, and one that in some queer way will tell."

* * *

A few days later Herr Greiser, Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, addressing the special meeting of the Council suddenly summoned to discuss the Danzig situation, "brought his clenched fist smashing down on the table" by way of giving sound and fury, as well as point, to his remarks. The habit of thumping whatever article of furniture is at hand seems to be so closely associated with the holding of Nazi principles and offices that I begin to wonder whether it is caught or taught. In the course of my recent visit I had discourse with so many earnest young men of the movement and of the party who smote the desk at the conclusion of each sentence that I found it necessary to invent a term for them. I noted them down as the "desk-thumpers"; and from that point teased them a little at the first sign that a thump was imminent: and not until a day or two later did it occur to me that I had merely recreated, in suitably modern guise, the old word "Tub-thumper"—which, as I now see, I had never properly understood. To my mind the effect upon the listener of banging the furniture with the clenched fist can easily be overrated. Among other things it often makes it impossible for one to catch the last few words of an impassioned utterance; and this is particularly unfortunate in German, where the verb that is to give the key to all that precedes it comes so often at the end. All the same, if anyone has an uncontrollable impulse to express conviction and emotion by smiting, thumping, beating and smashing I had rather he worked it off on the furniture, even though his so doing should deprive me of the pleasure of following his argument.

* * *

Colonel Blimp, strangely enough, though in a hundred ways he has suited the word to the action and the action to the word, has never once as yet thumped the desk. That might be accounted for by the fact that he spends the whole of his life, so far as we know, in the Turkish Bath laying down the law to Low; and the proprietors of the Bath have apparently never once thought to provide the old boy with a desk, or indeed with any article of furniture suitable for thumping. But there he is, sitting on the hot pipe, lying on the marble slab having his back ironed, swinging the clubs, enduring electro-vibratory massage on the most rotund part of his rubicund person, and all the while uttering those devastating inanities that should never be read at mealtimes because of the way they have of making a crumb go down the wrong throat: there he is, on the left-hand pages of *Low's Political Parade* (Cresset Press, 6*s*.) while on the right-hand pages are Low's political cartoons. How a glorious book like this can be produced and sold for six shillings beats me. And how David Low, with that bottle of Indian ink and pen and brush, manages to do the trick every time; puts lines on paper that are truer than life, that are so exactly where they ought to be to do what they are intended to do; how he conceives and concocts a pictorial message that is read in a flash and yet re-read a hundred times with increasing delight: all that beats me too. I'm sure David Low knows why two little cross lines on Colonel Blimp's manly bosom make you know he's all-alive-oh and just about to give vent to one of his most solemn absurdities—but I don't. It isn't my province. But the story! For every picture tells a story. To conceive home and foreign affairs, home and foreign politics, in a succession of pictorial parables that blow away all fudge, that turn solemn pomposity to a figure of fun, and that make even the brute and the bully and the scoundrel and the warmonger in us either squirm or laugh up the right side of his face—how that gift comes to be allied with the other is altogether too much for me. So, like Lord Beaverbrook (I suppose) I just open my eyes and shut my mouth and take what Low gives me.

* * *

Another convicted person, this time a woman doctor, has gone to penal servitude for some years for unlawfully terminating unwanted pregnancies. The women who had been her clients had so desired the operation performed that they had been ready to pay fees of as much as a hundred guineas. Not all of them perhaps could conveniently afford such fees; and there is not the least reason why the person operating should charge them, except that to "procure an abortion" is contrary to the law and anyone undertaking it must be compensated for the risks. Everyone who knows anything at all knows of the immense damage that ignorant and clumsy attempts to terminate unwanted pregnancies is causing, of the deaths attributable to it, year by year. This column is no place in which to argue such a vexed issue. But again I think reason is being confounded by a misuse of terms. People say, and write, "Is it really proposed that abortion shall be legalised?" and the critics of our present savagery accept the question as so framed. But that is not the question at all. The question is (if Mr. A. P. Herbert will forgive such a horrible word just this once): "Shall abortion be de-illegalised?" The issue is not one of whether the law shall bless abortion, but just whether it shall take its dirty hands off.

* * *

One of these days I am going to put together and publish a selection from the letters that have come to me from listeners to my broadcast talks on This and That. Among them I shall certainly put the letter from the man who objected to my justifying a retired policeman who had supplemented his pension by taking a job as commissionaire. My correspondent ended his letter: "What will you say, John Hilton, on that awful day when you stand before the Throne of God and you hear the dread words, '*Why Did You Whitewash The Ex-Policeman?*'" Nor must I forget the letter that came only a day or two ago from a lady who disapproved of Bolshevism and said: "I take my stand on God, King and Country; by which I mean Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, and the two Chamberlains."

Lady at the tea-table last week telling how she had tried the experiment of having a well-educated Danish girl, over here to perfect her English, as cook, and how it had not succeeded: "My dear, she had an ermine coat. One can't have a servant who wears an ermine coat. And, anyway, she hadn't got the lower-class mentality. But, of course, how could she have, poor thing?" JOHN HILTON

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Lucy T. Marks.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

In the Army to-day you get the best education possible, the best food, and you see the world at the expense of His Majesty. What more can any man ask for in this world?—Field Marshal Lord Milne reported in *Observer*.

The Great War lasted so long because the respective war aims of the two sides were incompatible, and neither side was prepared to give way until compelled to do so.—Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George in *Daily Telegraph*.

He [Mr. Chamberlain] saw no reason why the country should not be able to support the additional burden while at the same time preserving a rising standard of comfort. . . .

In political circles to-night it was suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's statement was made to prepare the ground for the new Unemployment Regulations.

If these regulations prove less generous to the unemployed than the present system—as will almost certainly be the case—it would be useful as justification for the reduction to be able to point to the parlous state of the national finances.—*Financial News*.

We hesitate to say we were shocked to learn of the charge of gross immorality against 276 Roman Catholic monks, members of the Franciscan brotherhood, at the Criminal Court of Coblenz. Our hesitancy lies in the fact that it might sound strange to be shocked at anything in the Church of Rome. Knowing of the unholiness of some of the Holy Fathers we cannot really be surprised at the misdeeds of the children.—*Churchman's Magazine*.

No doubt there are mitigating circumstances in British eyes . . . in the reflection that Nazism, as a form of Government, is, after all, a domestic preference and has no mission (as Bolshevism has) to export its system to other countries.—*Times* leader.

When I read of the success of the new bomber, my mind flew to the words of the first verse of the 144th Psalm, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."—DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

Britain is discovering that its own resorts have nothing to learn from the best that foreign countries can offer.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

Clairvoyance Specs. Wear them and see clairvoyantly.—Advt. in *Psychic News*.

GOD-CONTROL

THE Albert Hall full to the ceiling. To-night it is for the Buchmanites, not long ago it was for Sir Oswald Mosley, to-morrow for the centenary of Joseph Chamberlain. A vast Union Jack drapes the organ; a smaller Union Jack is wrapped round the rostrum. The flags of the British Dominions are under the organ, and to the right and the left of the floodlit choir are the flags of the many nations where the Oxford Groups have taken their message. A swastika banner stands out in the line of conventional patterns. Only the flag of Soviet Russia is absent. The organ is playing gay and inspiriting tunes, changing quickly from one to another. I enter a box at the extreme back of the hall, facing the organ, to the tune of "Britons Scorn to Yield." The setting would need little alteration for to-morrow night's meeting, and the audience will, I take it, be much the same people, predominantly well-dressed, upper middle-class people with rather a high proportion of women. A well-known benevolent employer sits in a box not far from me and next door is a carefully preserved lady with the set smile that is born of many bazaars. I watched a serious young woman listening attentively; she was looking, it seemed to me, in desperate earnestness for some compensation for not having any useful work to do. We stand to sing God Save the King. The conductor and the choir lead us; this is no perfunctory ceremony. So far I might have dropped into any of the three meetings, Fascist, Conservative or Buchmanite. Can it be that the religion of all three will prove to be much the same too?

The leader of the meeting Mr. A. S. Loudoun Hamilton, M.C., formerly at Christ Church, Oxford, is a more attractive spiritual guide than Mr. Frank Buchman, who sits modestly amongst his followers. I first saw Mr. Buchman at an Oxford Group meeting in Geneva when I sat next to Kapp while he drew the admirable portrait that appears on the opposite page. Mr. Hamilton is a clean-cut university man with no frills and he wears his old school tie without ostentation. The keynote of the meeting, he tells us, is to be "national safety," only to be obtained by God-control. (Does God need a big air-force or not?) God must govern England through God-controlled homes, God-controlled schools, God-controlled business, God-controlled professional life and God-controlled international policy. A Brigadier-General, who trains racehorses, next tells us how he enlisted in the Oxford Movement and was changed. He used to swear at his men just as they swore at the horses. Now the men too are changed. No more war. To change society to a God-guided basis is a bigger job than an army command. We have to choose "between gas-masks and God's tasks." A lady from Aberdeen describes the change in her home life when her sons came under the influence of the Oxford Movement—"We have proved in our home that God controlling and guiding each individual is the answer to divorce, strikes, unemployment and war." A chartered accountant, a D.S.O. and an International Rugby player, tells us how God controls his business and home life, and a journalist, who used to drink too much, looks forward to the time when newspapers will be different because the people who make the news will be changed. (I wish questions were allowed at Buchman meetings: what happens to changed journalists if proprietors and advertising managers do not change too?) Mr. Holme, Winchester and New College, was studying for the Foreign Office. Very sensibly he asked how he could hope to solve international conflicts if he could not solve his own. We British played the part of a "hypercritical schoolmaster" confessing other people's sins instead of our own. We may not like other people's political structures, but they "may at least learn to work as a unit" and have "leaders with youth enthusiastically behind them." In certain countries "full responsibility for the state of the nation was taken by a few people. They started with their own country. They did what they meant to do . . . England can only take the lead when she has taken the lead from God." A Government, as one speaker put it, of "God-controlled experts." The Labour Lord Mayor of Newcastle spoke long and eloquently, but not into the microphone. He had been "in the seventh heaven" since his conventional Methodism had been turned to reality by the Groups. God would save Newcastle from unemployment. Five workers from the woollen mills of Yorkshire, who had been changed, had travelled down that afternoon to tell us about it and would be at work again at seven o'clock in the morning. Each had his or her little metaphor or jest prepared; the weaver was now weaving God into his cloth; Marion Clarkson, a "twister," had been shown by God "how to twist her life into others and help them to know that even twisters can be straight." Each of the five told us how they had not always worked honestly and well. One of them used to drink; they slacked off on flat rates and scamped through on piece-work. They had confessed to God and the foreman, and now they

Kaff
Cymru '35

worked for God and made everyone happy in the workshop. The lady next to me quivered with pleasure. "So direct and simple," she said. She put down her lorgnette for a little volley of claps with small, chubby hands.

Then there was a novelty—a sort of recitative by a group of young people helped out by the choir. They told us they had been from the darkest Congo to barren Tibet, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and they had everywhere found a worn-out and broken-down past. The Statesman planned and organised but the structure tottered; the Rich man could find no satisfaction in his riches; the Poor woman complained that her home was destroyed and asked why "her heart grew dull with hatred." Then God sang a solo and each of the characters found salvation. The Statesman found his work enduring. "Confidence spreads from our united work"; the Soldier pressed on in constructive work and the Church, which had complained that no one listened, raised the cross in victory. The Rich man became a steward of God's property, "triumphant when God guides me," the Poor woman found friends. "My troubled mind I have unlocked. God has taken care of all my need and poverty. It is spring-time in my home." (Had God paid the rent?) A French baroness told us of strikes in Paris, settled by a member of the Oxford Group. (I wanted to know the terms of the settlement.) Professor Norval of Pretoria, once a champion of Boer rights and a hater of Englishmen, told us how he had been changed, formed a coalition with his adversaries, now loved England and the British Empire and saw God's solution for all the racial problems of Africa. (I badly wanted to know whether God approved of the colour bar and the Pass system for natives). Another baroness (God does much of his work through people with titles and decorations), "the daughter of Prince and Princess Lieven of Russia," reported progress from Riga. She had seen real revolution; her property, everything was lost. She had been bitter, until changed by the Oxford Movement. Her country (no one mentioned Bolshevism) had been too late to accept God's guidance. England was not yet too late. The thin intellectual thread which ran through the meeting had guided us to its predestined conclusion.

I have good friends who are Buchmanites, and I get annoyed with those of my generation who affect to think that religion is unimportant. The technique for obtaining internal peace by surrendering one's life to a movement and a purpose beyond oneself works to-day as it has always worked. The four tests—absolute love, honesty, unselfishness and purity (which the sophisticated Buchmanite will explain in private as meaning unselfishness and fidelity in sex life)—these tests of conduct have changed people and given quality to life in every generation. There are, I am sure, many homes in England which are sweeter and less contentious places because the Groups Movement has reawakened people to a genuine belief in their nominally accepted morality. Selfish women make peace with their daughters and are kinder to their maids; children are more considerate to their parents; husbands and wives who were estranged honestly discuss their difficulties and rebuild on a firmer foundation. Greedy employers are more considerate to their workmen and their workmen respond. They tell us that Buchmanism is good business. Well, it is no new discovery that honesty pays and that in any branch of life the day is more happy and successful if its prelude is a quiet period of meditation and consecration to serious purpose. It is difficult to believe that life can be well lived or relationships happy without a deliberate use of the ethical tests which are common to all religions.

But the Oxford Movement is not content with individual salvation. It will change human society, it tells us, through individual change. I recall the history of many religious revivals. They have made the same claim. The stream of history has run on and the current of the age has swept them along with it. Wesley, who began a greater and more genuine revival, had no notion when he shook to its foundations a negligent Church and called the individual sinner back to Christ, that the historian a hundred years later would say that the social effects of Methodism were to sanctify ugliness and canonise those virtues of obedience, thrift and industry which were essential if the new industrialism was to prosper. He did not know that we should agree to-day that his great religious revival served above all to persuade the starving workers of that period that they would be well fed in the next world; and that his hymns, that certainly comforted the dying and helped men to forget the misery of the slums, were a potent factor in inducing people to accept a slum life and a slum death. As I listened to the testimonies in of the Albert Hall tonight, I asked myself whether this new Salvationism was really so very different. The shape has changed; doctrine is unfashionable; Heaven and Hell are gone. This is religion without tears. To-day, with the world tumbling round us, members of the Oxford Groups want, as we all want, war and class conflict to cease. To face the causes of war or the causes of class conflict is too great a strain for many of us. How much easier if God's message is that these problems can be solved by national unity, if we can throw our burden upon the shoulders of God-controlled experts under a God-controlled leader! I think I know the social and political movement of which the Buchmanite movement is unconsciously a part.

July 7th, 1936. KINGSLEY MARTIN

Correspondence

BRITISH POLICY

SIR,—For some time it has seemed to me increasingly plain that one of the chief aims of, at least, a strong section of the Government and its supporters is to patch up a settlement with Germany on the basis of a tacit understanding that, provided she does not invade French territory, she is quite free to go ahead against Russia, Czechoslovakia and possibly a few other States, with the assurance that we shall do nothing whatever to hinder her or to assist France if she goes to the rescue. I think that explains much of the zeal shown for getting Germany back into the League and for getting rid of its general coercive provisions against aggressors.

Anyone who doubts this diagnosis should study the *Times* leading article of Monday, July 6th, on "The League and Germany." This declares that British opinion "is prepared to go very far in guaranteeing the integrity of French territory," because "the safety of northern France and of Belgium, and for that matter of the Netherlands, is a recognised British interest." But "what British opinion is not prepared to accept is the leadership of France over the whole field of foreign policy, or to admit responsibility for all the liabilities which she has been accumulating in the shape of alliances on the further side of Germany." Then, after a few disapproving words about some of the worst features of the Nazi regime, we are reminded that there are "mitigating circumstances in British eyes" for these aberrations and also that "Nazism, as a form of government, is, after all, a domestic preference and has no mission (as Bolshevism has) to export its system to other countries. The Franco-Soviet Pact is not regarded here as a helpful diplomatic achievement." And finally, "the uppermost conviction of British opinion is that there can be neither peace in Europe nor a League of Nations worth the name without German co-operation in bringing this about."

Here is a plain hint that "British opinion" would much prefer Germany to Russia as a friend, though it is Germany that has flouted the League and laid powder mines under half Europe, while no one genuinely suspects Russia of plotting any aggression except the aggression of ideas. But is this true of British opinion? Not, I think, of the working-class majority, nor of the intellectuals. One may definitely not be a Communist; one may violently dislike many features in the Soviet regime, yet feel that the destruction of the Russian economic experiment and above all the spread of Nazism or Fascism over most of Europe would be a terrible misfortune for mankind. And what about Czechoslovakia, the one thriving, peaceful democracy still surviving in mid-Europe? Would we and should we, when it came to the point, sit quietly by and see all that destroyed, without lifting even an economic finger to hinder it? No doubt many would

prefer, if compelled to choose, to safeguard British peace rather than European liberties. But would not the policy indicated above end by destroying both, and perhaps British liberties as well?

But if that really is the hand we are asked to play, and if Mr. Chamberlain is indicated as the leading player by his "provisional reflections" about the "midsummer madness" of continuing sanctions and the necessity for limiting the powers of the League, then are Opposition leaders wise in saying so little about it and not rousing their followers to resist; in scolding Mr. Duff Cooper for the one recent ministerial speech which showed real friendliness to France based on common ideals of liberty and democracy; in joining in the cokernut-shy against Mr. Baldwin? Do we really want to kill Stanley, only to make Neville King?

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

House of Commons.

THE LEAGUE AND VERSAILLES

SIR,—I think Mr. Boothby successfully exposes Mr. Lloyd George's past and shows the impossibility of trusting him to-day. But I believe his attribution of the world's woes to the Versailles Treaty is mistaken and that his constructive proposals are nearly useless.

The Versailles Treaty is no better and no worse than most end-of-war treaties. It is hardly more responsible for the Nazis in Germany than it is for the "Younger Officers" and other Fascist movements in Japan, for Signor Mussolini, for the Belgian Rexists, the Dutch Nazis, the Roumanian Iron Guards, the dictatorship of the Colonels in Poland, Colonel de la Rocque and the "Françistes" across the Channel, and our own Oswald Mosley and Die-hard Tories.

In 1924, soon after the Ruhr Occupation, Hitler mustered only 900,000 votes. By 1928 the number had sunk to 800,000. Between 1928 and 1930 Germany's treatment and prospects under the Versailles Treaty were steadily improving. Yet in the 1930 election Hitler polled 6½ million votes. In ten years the Versailles Treaty had given him 800,000 votes. In two years the economic crisis gave Hitler 6½ million votes—at the same time as it aggravated Italian Fascism (the product of the first post-war slump) and set on foot Fascist movements in half the world.

Mr. Boothby's false analysis vitiates his proposals. The League is not pledged to defend the Versailles or any other frontiers. It contains the obligation to prevent changes of the territorial *status quo*, either in Europe or elsewhere, whether resulting from the last war or otherwise, from being effected by war. Does Mr. Boothby think the League would be strengthened and peace preserved by removing this obligation and legalising the use of war as an instrument of national policy? Is that what he means by "revision of the Covenant in the direction of greater flexibility—especially as regards Sanctions"?

What does separation of the Covenant from the Versailles Treaty mean? States signing the Covenant are not thereby bound to the obligations of the Versailles Treaty, and *vice versa*. What are the political modifications of the Versailles Treaty that should be discussed *pari passu* with the reduction of armaments? Is it only other peoples' home territories Mr. Boothby wants to barter away to the Nazis, or is he willing to return British mandates?

I can see sense only in Mr. Boothby's fourth proposal, which coincides with the Director of the I.L.O.'s remark in his last Annual Report that:

> In 1936 the perception that the failure to ensure economic and social equilibrium was the most radical flaw in the peace settlement is dimly beginning to dawn. . . . There is now a vague awareness that territorial claims and armament programmes are not the fundamental issues and that it is impossible to allay the international tension which they have created without striking deeper. They are not the causes of our present discontents, but the symptoms. The roots are to be found in actual or threatened impoverishment, declining standards of life, insecurity for the future of themselves and their children which darkens the outlook of the present generation in so many countries. The remedy is not to be found, then, in political pacts or frontier rectifications or disarmament conferences alone. These methods have been tried and have failed because they did not touch the real source of the trouble. So nowadays we are beginning to talk of the abolition of trade restrictions, the distribution of raw materials, the stabilisation of currencies, an international monetary agreement, the resumption of international lending, as things which are not merely required to promote economic recovery but which are indispensable to the future stability of the whole political structure.

When we get beyond "dim perceptions" and "vague awareness" it becomes clear that, in order to tackle the economic and social causes as well as the political symptoms of world unrest, it is necessary to make far-reaching inroads on national sovereignty and private enterprise, and that this can and will be done only by Governments prepared to go a long way in substituting Socialism for Capitalism.

The first step to a peace policy in this country is, therefore, to get rid of our "National" Government and to bring into power a Government pledged to the foreign and social and economic policies of "For Socialism and Peace."

"A SOCIALIST"

THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—In an article which shows all the marks of the handiwork of a careful political artificer, almost ecclesiastical in finesse, Mr. Cole argues that it is "unrealistic" to urge that an alliance of Left parties imitating the *Front Populaire* should be formed in this country but, nevertheless, that the Labour Party should "make both the Communists and the liberal-minded its allies in both fields" of domestic and foreign policy. . . .

Many of us will desire to express agreement with Mr. Cole. We do not wish to advocate the formation, here and now, of a French-model Popular Front which would be an historical mongrel. Both the tradition and the electoral system of France are, of course, different. But we wish to urge that *either* the Labour Party must conquer new fields (and this quickly) by a new presentation of its propaganda *or* it must consider the practicability of such a movement as would consolidate Left-wing opinion without carrying either of two vicious consequences: (*a*) a minority Labour Government, (*b*) a "deal" in Parliamentary seats.

The obvious route appears, then, to be the evocation of electoral support, thanks to a new Labour declaration of policy. This Mr. Cole clearly envisages (although, instead of balancing the Communist and Liberal wings of support, on the French model, he proposes to promote the small, if elect, British Communist Party to the ranks of an inner United Front). The weakest part in Mr. Cole's argument is where he touches the quick issue of foreign policy. How does he propose to accommodate that body of opinion which finds its focus, although not its circumference, in the I.L.P., which is strongly entrenched in Scotland, and of which the views are not those of Lord Cecil? The letters, I suggest, of "Covenanter," in your issues of the 4th April and 4th July, give the required lead. It is necessary resolutely to assert the principle of sanctions against a flagrant aggressor; but it is equally necessary not ingenuously to trust the sincerity of the conversion of capitalist Governments to collective security when military commitments are being made. Socialists must be Lansburians, hundred-per-cent. pacifists, *unless* they have guarantees, e.g., by the placing of Trade Unionists in key positions or, better, by a Left electoral victory, concerning the ends for which the means of sanctions will be used. God help us, never another Versailles with another voice of one Keynes crying in the wilderness.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN,
(Chairman, 1936 Fabian Group)

19 Glebe Place,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—The B.B.C. is to continue autonomous under State control, for the sake of "advantages which could not otherwise be secured," and will therefore remain imperfectly responsive to any outside criticism. There are disadvantages in this position which the Ullswater Committee has not failed to see, and it has redressed certain abuses springing from it. But the means by which it proposes to bring the B.B.C. and public opinion into contact are less than half-hearted.

There was to be a minister responsible for broadcasting policy before the House; but this proposal is rejected.

The Committee desires "width and variety of outlook" in the Governors—apparently a personal plea to the Prime Minister, who selects them. (The Government's White Paper does not discuss this recommendation.)

Finally, the Committee would create "general Advisory Committees" in all Regions, being "anxious to secure representation for the views of the general public as well as of experts," and "confident that among public-spirited people ways and means will be found for securing a fully representative balance of opinion, and for expressing it in helpful and constructive advice." The B.B.C., according to the White Paper, has concurred "in prin-

ciple." But this most desirable "representative balance of opinion" is to be sought in bodies nominated by the B.B.C. Should the B.B.C. be allowed to choose its own critics?

None of these bodies is to have authority. "Their function is to advise. Their resolutions are not binding, and they have no executive powers." Even so, if representative, they could be useful. But if the B.B.C. wants them for something more than window-dressing, should it not give them at least the right to initiate proposals and demand reasoned answers to them?

These suggestions are put forward on behalf of a group which has studied the Ullswater Report. BIRMINGHAM

The University, Edmund Street,
Birmingham, 3.

THE AUSTRIAN WORKERS

SIR,—The article in your last issue on "The Workers' Opposition in Austria" made it clear, beyond all shadow of doubt, that the key to the problem of Austria's salvation (and possibly, as your correspondent suggests, also to our own) lies in the rising demand for the "restitution of democratic rights" in that country. When Dollfuss, at the bidding of Mussolini, destroyed these he destroyed the only force in Austria on which he could have relied in the struggle to keep the country free of Nazi Germany.

The years we spent in Austria, from the end of the Great War almost up to the time of the Civil War in 1934, convinced us that the Austrian workers were and are the most serious force making for a genuine democracy in that country. Indeed, Austrian democracy, of which the workers were the main pillar, was strong and developing; it took the power of the Austrian Fascist Government, along with the pressure of Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany, to break it. And, in spite of the destruction of the workers' organisations, this force has emerged again, in the new form of the People's Front which your correspondent describes. It is a force which every lover of liberty and every opponent of Fascism should support in whatever way he can. The Austrian Government must be pressed to move towards the re-establishment of democratic rights. One of the immediate ways in which this can be done is by demanding the release of those workers who to-day are the prisoners of Clerical Fascism, accused of sedition and high treason. They were arrested and thus accused because they worked for the restitution of democratic rights, and because, though under the burden of illegality, they supported the League of Nations by demanding that Austria should also join in imposing sanctions against Italy.

Important among these prisoners is Otto Bauer (not to be confused with Dr. Otto Bauer, the exiled leader of the Austrian Social Democrats), who, before the liquidation of his organisation by the present Government, was the leader of the Religious Socialists in Austria. This man, a metal worker by trade, and a man of the highest intellectual attainments, is a member of the Catholic Church. He was not among those "left" Catholics who, like Dr. Ernst Karl Winter, never joined the ranks of the workers' movement. On the contrary, he always identified himself with it. He was among the first, as early as 1933, when Austrian democracy was already fighting for its life, to advocate openly the idea of the People's Front. Otto Bauer was arrested on April 16 last. No charge has yet been preferred against him.

25 Pycombe Corner, N.12. IRENE AND DONALD GRANT

"IN A BRAZILIAN PRISON"

SIR,—I have in my possession copies of the depositions made by Arthur Ernest Ewert and his wife, Elise Ewert, before Judge Edgar Ribas Carneire on March 6th, in the Prison at Rio de Janeiro in the presence of Abel Chermont, solicitor.

They bear out all, and more than his sister has mentioned in her letter published by you in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

I think it is important that your readers should be made aware of the facts that have come to light. Arthur Ewert states that he was arrested on Friday, December 27th, 1935. During his first days in prison he was given nothing to eat or drink. On Monday, 30th, he was given a glass of water containing some drug. That night he was taken to a garage in the Police Station, where he was tortured. The torture consisted in twisting his arms and legs, and choking him. Under this treatment he lost consciousness: the torture was repeated about six times that night. Next day other tortures were applied to him, and also to his wife. She was stripped of her clothing and beaten in his presence. Lighted cigarettes were pressed on his back and arms. He received about 200 burns. Electric wires were applied to him and his wife on their heads. For three weeks neither of them was allowed to sleep. For three or four consecutive days and nights he was not even allowed to sit down, but was forced to walk backwards and forwards, or stand upright. The extract from Elise Ewert's depositions reads as follows. She was repeatedly tortured and beaten. One man dragged her about by the hair and maltreated her by pinching her breasts; he stripped her of her clothing and when she attempted to cover her breasts with her arms, he twisted her arms above her head. She was also beaten with a leather belt across her thighs until she fainted. Electric wires were applied to her in the "bathroom," where many people gave her electric shocks with wires so that burns were produced. Both these people state that the torture was applied while they were imprisoned at the station of the "Special Police." They make no such charge since they were removed to the House of Detention on February 11th. The whole of the questioning was done by means of an interpreter, Dr. Carlos Brands, because the accused were not fluent in Portuguese. For brevity I have condensed the report. Should any of your readers be in a position to ascertain for certain the truth or otherwise of the report mentioned in Fräulein Ewert's letter that these two people have been released, and would communicate with me, I should be more than grateful.

St. Clement's Vicarage, E. O. IREDELL
30 Arundel Square, Barnsbury, N.7.

THE USE OF MUSEUMS

SIR,—In your issue of July 4th, "I.F." contrasts the interest which is taken in America and in Germany with our own apathy towards those storehouses of history and culture. The contribution is a timely one, for at the moment schemes are afoot in London, at any rate, to extend greatly the use of museums in the sphere of education. It is estimated that the treasures preserved in London's sixty-five museums are worth about £50,000,000, and the question naturally arises: "Why should not the people of London come into closer touch with the possessions that are theirs?" For many years back, thousands of London school-children have been taken by their teachers to explore suitable museums, as well as other places of interest, under the Council's scheme of "educational visits," and recently the L.C.C. appointed an Organiser of Museum Activities to act as a liaison officer between the museums and the schools. This gentleman, Dr. Malcolm, is now busily at work, and he deserves every support in his interesting task. Before long it is hoped that the citizens of London will begin to hear much more about their museums than they ever did before, and it is through the children they will hear this, for already "School Museum Societies" are being formed, men of high standing in business and in education are lending their aid to the movement, and—in short—London appears to be at the beginning of a period during which the romance and dramatic possibilities of her museums will be brought home to an ever extending circle of the dwellers in her midst.

8 Holly Village, Swain's Lane, J. B. CHAPMAN
Highgate, N.6.

SIR,—Our museums aren't as bad as "I.F." makes out. There is an excellent children's gallery at the Science Museum—and the whole of that charming museum is scattered with knobs which anyone can press to make wheels go round; naturally, it is always full of children, who are lured on from the knobs to more difficult and even abstract science. There is a penny cinema in the Imperial Institute with excellent semi-educational films, which is also usually full. And what better stimulant for an adolescent historical imagination than the reconstructed rooms in the Victoria and Albert, or, say, the contents of the jewellers' box in the London Museum? The new geological museum, with its curved show-cases, such as one used to associate only with expensive hats and motor-cars, is a delight for the lay child or parent. We want some museums in the outer London districts—Barking, I understand, has schemes—where we could show some of the many things which are stored in the main museums (the Victoria and Albert, for instance, has collections of historical costumes which it has no room to show—and nothing pleases small girls so much as this kind of thing) and we want an out-of-doors museum such as those in Scandinavia. But let us at least give praise where it is certainly due! "MOTHER OF FIVE"

SIR,—Your contributor "I.F." refers to the failure of our national museums to cater for the man in the street, but it is not only

the national museums that fail in this respect. The same may be said of most municipal museums. The aim of the curator is too often to increase the "prestige" of his museum, and incidentally of himself, by building up an imposing collection, without considering whether the public wants it or not. The museum becomes his toy. Until the enlightened educationalist, together with the man in the street himself, has a more direct control over the policy of the museums, there is little chance of the dual purpose of education and recreation, for which the museum is supposed to exist, being adequately served. ASSISTANT CURATOR

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL WORK

SIR,—We desire to draw attention to the Third International Conference on Social Work which will be held in London, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, from July 12th to 18th.

It is expected that between 800 and 1,000 social workers, from most of the countries throughout the world which have developed a system of social welfare, will be represented, and an important delegation from Japan is already on its way.

It is felt that there are many social workers in this country who may desire to attend the Conference, and we wish to remind them that registrations should be sent in forthwith. The Conference Centre will be Bedford College, Regent's Park, London, and membership is open to all social workers, professional and voluntary, and to all interested in social service. The special topics for consideration will be recent changes in local community life; the relation of the local community to health, recreation, material welfare, social adjustment and unemployment; and the aesthetic, moral and spiritual influences of social services on the local community. The opening session of the Conference, which will be held at the Guildhall, will be presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, and the Duke of Kent will be present at the closing session.

The Conference fee is £1, and sessional tickets are also available at 2s. 6d. each. Full information may be obtained from the Secretary to the British National Committee of the International Conference on Social Work, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1. WYNDHAM DEEDES
R. H. CROWLEY

ELECTRICITY CHARGES IN RURAL PARTS

SIR,—"Toreador" predicts the doom of the capitalist system if it cannot afford to give electric lighting at less than 7d. per unit to its City Editors residing in rural areas of Berkshire.

He is quite right in his attribution to the capitalist system of this high charge. It is because capital requires a return that so much has to be charged. The capital cost of supply per consumer is more or less inversely as the number of consumers per mile of main. It costs much more per consumer if there are, say, 5 per mile of main than if there are 50 or 100 per mile. Again, if Toreador uses electrical energy for lighting only, the return on the capital has to be earned from perhaps 800 hours use of the consumer's demand. If Toreador will adopt electric cooking, water heating, etc., he can probably get the advantage of a tariff which will work out at something like 1d. per unit. That is, the return on capital will be spread over a longer use of a greater demand. The electricity bill may be higher than for lighting at 7d., but in return there will be the advantages of the greater cleanliness, saving of labour, etc., by the extended use. I do not know that a tariff of the sort described is available to Toreador, if not he would be better employed in pressing the suppliers for it. HENRY M. SAYERS

149 Copers Cope Road,
Beckenham, Kent.

THE BALLET

SIR,—As an enthusiast for ballet in general and Col. de Basil's company in particular, I venture to crave the hospitality of your columns to draw attention to the dismay which, if I mistake not, many of my fellow-enthusiasts are beginning, like myself, to feel at the increasingly unenterprising nature of the company's programmes. Is there something infectious in the atmosphere of Covent Garden? Here we are in sight of the fifth week of a two-months' season and the only variations from the daily fare of previous seasons we shall have been permitted are a "revival" of that old war-horse "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" and an occasional performance of an early trifle of Massine, the "Midnight Sun." Important new works are promised us and revivals of such major ballets of the post-war period as "Lous" and "Les Bicheo," not to mention "Baiser de la Fée" and "Pulanilla" (to which the company have perhaps been spurred by the successful efforts of other concerns). "Lous" has recently been given by the company in New York and was actually announced for the first fortnight of the season only to be withdrawn. Apparently it is thought that anything will do for the London programmes, just because London audiences applaud with great vigour. But they also contain many who, on the long view, fear for this company if they succumb to the temptations of a cheap popularity and forget that the secret of Diaghilev's prolonged retention of popular favour was his refusal to rest on the laurels of past achievements.

13 Upper Wimpole Street, ALEC F. MORLEY
Cavendish Square, W.1.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY VIBRATION

SIR,—As a Southern electric express enters a tunnel the only way to retain sanity is to stuff the ears and fix the mind upon the peace of the Underground Railway; but do not let Mr. Belloc waste reforming energy on the Southern Railway.

I frequently have to travel down to Brighton. The first part of the journey is from Hertford to London. Sixty years ago the 21 miles took an hour: they still do to-day. I think the coaches must be the same, too. The third class compartments are so narrow that you cannot cross your legs; they are so dirty that only a fool wears anything but black; regular passengers keep special gloves with which to open the doors; the gas lamps are so feeble that in winter it is not possible to read beyond the newspaper headlines.

If only Mr. Belloc could suffer this for once, he would revel with me in the clean and comfortable little shaking down to Sussex.

Hertlands, Farquhar Street, KENNETT BAIRD
Bengeo, Hertford, Herts.

SIR,—Having read with much interest the letters in your last two issues concerning the excessive vibration on the Southern electric railway, I write this letter during a journey into Sussex.

During the past year I have written over two hundred thousand words in these trains; the MS. thus produced has been handed unaltered to my typist, who has found it sufficiently legible to type without error. I find that the cleanliness due to freedom from smoke and smuts enhances the pleasure of a long-familiar journey, and I know of no seating accommodation more comfortable and "shock-free" than that in the first class compartments of these trains.

I enjoy my journeys and make good use of them. In fairness to the Southern Railway (for whom I have no axe to grind) I should be grateful if you would publish this letter as a testimonial to the degree of stability possible in an electric train.

On the Southern Railway E. C. R. LORAC
(between Croydon and Hayward's Heath).

Miscellany

THE BOOK

BY the wall of a villa in a park I saw a tattered book. It lay there with other litter which no doubt had been swept out from one of the rooms of the house. It had, evidently, lain there a long time, during rains and snows. Its mud-stained pages, with dead foliage on them, had been dried by the warmth of the spring sun, but their wording was no longer legible.

I moved it about a little with my foot and went on my way wondering what kind of a book that tattered volume could have been, whether it was a sincere work that stimulated keen discussion, whether it had quickened anyone's mind, or comforted people under the cold spell of loneliness.

It made me think of my youth, when a book was, indeed, a good friend to me; and it brought to my mind the very vivid memory of a time spent at a small station on the railway line which runs through the territory between the Volga and the Don.

The station stood in the open country—the bare, empty steppe, where, in winter, the silence was broken by the whine and howl of snowstorms, and where, in the very hot days of summer, mosquitoes pestered us unmercifully. The only living things to be seen anywhere were nibbling rodents squatting near their burrows, or birds of prey moving round in the hot hazy air above. Very rarely, shaggy shepherds and their flocks would be making their way across the steppe; the strange cries of the shepherd to the flock, "R-rya-o! R-rya-oo!" would rise in the air, and then all would be still again. In one of the valleys of the steppe, not many versts from the station, nestled the Cossack village of Peski. The sturdy wenches of the place would clear away, in winter, the snow from the track, while their fathers and brothers would appear at night and steal, for fuel, any railway timber they could find, or anything they could lay their hands on from the wagons on the line.

In the dead stillness of the night a goods-train would rumble through the station and make the lamps shake; but to be rid, even if for a moment, of the wearying sense of sameness, you would imagine that the goods-train was a terrible monster who with glaring eyes and fiery breath was rushing through the darkness. Or, say, a passenger-train would pull up for a while. At the windows would appear charming women with smiling eyes and lips. Then the train would steam out and leave in us a heavier sense of monotony.

There were eleven of us at the station, four had their families with them. Everyone of us knew everything that could possibly be known about everyone else. Boredom compelled the men to be unseemly open with one another. We played cards. We drank vodka, terribly. And at times the behaviour amongst us was outrageous.

There was Peter Ignatevich Koltunov, the assistant station-master: a strange individual. Almost perpetually fuddled, he would chatter about any conceivable subject, and had the oddest way of expressing himself. He no doubt had views of his own, but he either could not or would not say what they were. He'd argue with himself in this fashion: "Whatever was I born for? To furnish a meal for insects?" Yudin, who was the station-telegraphist, and I would be considering the changes that the future was likely to bring. He would interrupt our talk with this declaration: "You talk of the changes that are likely to come in the future. What changes? Ten years, twenty years hence, things will be just the same as they are now."

He was a thin, bony man, with a head of bristly red hair and a stub of a moustache. Wagging his bristly head and lowering his red eyelashes down his grey eyes he'd put to us this kind of a query: "What god is it that you chaps are supposed to believe in and worship?" According to him, Herbert Spencer couldn't speak the truth; Turgenev was nothing more than a horse-dealer; and Russia's great writers were not Russians at all.

He had bad fits of obstinacy. You couldn't possibly get him to change his mind.

Once he gave us a bit of his biography. He told us that he was a priest's son and that he had been trained at the Seminary of Tambov and the University of Kazan. He fell a victim to drink. While he was at the university, he, one day, put on his professor's fur coat and fur hat and forfeited the garments for vodka. "And so what d'you think they did to me?" he asked, his grey eyes turning green. "They gave me a broad hint that it would be well for me to retire from university life. Naturally, I did so. Well, after that I did all sorts of jobs. Then, one fine day, I took a wife. And that capped everything!"

His wife would not live with him. So she left him.

Koltunov had a little daughter, six years old. Her name was Vera: but Koltunov, when addressing her, used to add the patronymic *Petrovna*, for he had a curiously shy respect for the child. Vera's small, immobile face was almost hidden in a mass of golden hair. She seldom smiled. Men spoke more gently in her presence. Mothers made her a model for their children. She loved flowers, and would wander about on the steppe and search for any mean wild-flower that that niggardly soil would yield. But when she was setting out for the steppe shunting might perhaps be going on; so Vera would be crossing the rails and her small, thin legs in red stockings would twinkle behind the wheels of the engine which was being shunted. They used to remonstrate with Koltunov for letting her do so. But he, though anxious for the child's safety, would answer with seeming unconcern, "Oh, it's all right! She's careful."

Wrapped from head to foot in a grey shawl, which gave her the appearance of a folded bat, she would come in the middle of the night to inform me that her father was drunk. I'd lift her in my arms and carry her back to her place, and then attempt to restore her father who, purple-faced and choking, would be sprawling on the floor. She'd sit by his side, stroke his rough cheek and sorrowfully repeat to herself: "Poor dad, poor dad, what a drunkard he is!"

Yudin, the hunchbacked telegraphist, felt distressed for the child. "If only I had a mother," he would soliloquise, "or if some silly woman would consent to marry a hunchback, I'd do my best to get Vera to come and live with us in our home. What use is she to Koltunov, anyway?"

Now Yudin and I had a passion for books. Our craving for them could never be satisfied. Books, to us, were like chinks through which we could peer from our empty world into the real world of life. It wasn't very long before we had read through all the books that could be found at the six railway stations on the line between the Volga and the Don. After that we experienced a famine of the mind—a famine, the pangs of which only those know who have lived in the barren parts of our country and who have panted for breath in the heavy torpor of its valleys. *Nothing at all to keep life going!* This is the worst experience that I've ever known.

Koltunov knew, of course, the wretched state we were in, but all that he did was simply to mock us.

"At your last gasp, I suppose, eh?" One day, however, his better feelings asserted themselves. He said to us, sympathetically, "There's an acquaintance of mine at Kalach who gets books regularly. If you like I'll ask him. Maybe he'll let us have a book."

We entreated him to do so, and he promised that he would.

A few days later, the guard of a passenger-train handed to Koltunov a packet and a letter.

"The book!" shouted Koltunov, triumphantly waving the packet.

Then he read the accompanying letter. But after he finished he started to tug at the stubby hair of his moustache, and, giving a swift glance across his shoulder, he slipped the packet under his elbow and held it tight.

"Oh, do let us have the book!" entreated Yudin, his large mouth all wreathed in smiles.

"Don't you be in a hurry!" Koltunov replied, coldly, in the tone of a superior officer.

Yudin stepped backward in surprise. He had never known Koltunov to be so abrupt with him.

"I've had the bother of getting the book, and it's me who is going to read it first," Koltunov said in anger. "Your turn will come after that," he continued harshly.

I, too, began to feel offended. Our practice had been to read aloud in each other's company. Or if one of us wasn't on duty he'd take the book and read by himself. The book used to lie in the telegraph room where everyone could get at it.

"What makes you talk like this?" Yudin asked, bewildered.

Koltunov got still more angry.

"Oh, be quiet!" he cried. "It is for my own soul's good that I want to read, and not for the sake of having something to argue about. Proper reading requires silence. But you fellows keep on asking 'Why this?' 'Why not that?' I'm sick of such kind of reading. Leave me alone. I want to do my own reading. Clear out! Go to the devil!"

He locked the book in the drawer of his desk. Not another word did he speak all the time he was on duty. He kept looking round every now and again as if he feared that something might happen. When he finished his duties and was going home Yudin said to him, "Would you mind, before you go to bed, to put down the book somewhere where I can find it. I'll come round for it by and by."

He gave a little laugh, but said nothing.

About midnight Yudin said to me, "Do go round and see if you can get the book. By now he must, surely, be fast asleep."

During the day there had been a steady downpour of heavy rain. Then, out of a washed sky the sun shone forth fiercely on the earth that was sodden and baked it. Now the atmosphere was vapoury. The heat was stifling. Stars glimmered dimly in the depths of space. In front of me, as if wanting to show me the way, a frog was leaping. In the distance whistled a train. From the pump-room came the soft singing of the Jewish squint-eyed stoker, on whose lips was a fixed, sad smile.

Yellow light streamed from Koltunov's window. It lit up a pile of sleepers, the trunk of the poplar and the ground below it. Through the muslin curtains that stretched across the window I beheld Koltunov. He was sitting, attired for the night, close to the table, with his elbows resting upon it and his fingers buried in his red hair. His sharp chin moved convulsively. Tears were dropping from his eyes upon the volume between his elbows. One after another they kept falling. It seemed to me as if I heard the soft moist tapping of the tears on the pages of the book.

Oh, it is a bitter experience to see a man shed tears!

On the table stood a lamp; a bottle of vodka, not touched; and a plate containing a piece of melon. In the wicker armchair lay little Vera sleeping, her mouth open as if in wonder. Further in, all was as dark as outside.

Koltunov stood up and turned to the window. His small insignificant face, wet with tears, looked smaller and more insignificant still. He held up the book over the lamp, trying to dry his tears on it. He touched the pages to see if they were dry and then waved the book once more over the lamp. Yet tears did not cease to fall from his eyes. They rolled down his face and buried themselves in his moustache.

I went away from the window, for I had to attend to an incoming train. When the train had gone I said to Yudin, "He is still up. He's been at that book all the time."

"The beast!" growled Yudin, tapping out the train's despatch message. "Comrade he calls himself! We're comrades only till some tempting morsel appears, and then we cease to be comrades."

Before dawn I stood a second time in front of his window, and looked through the curtain into the room. The lamp was out. A candle was burning in a brass candlestick. The untouched bottle of vodka showed the double reflection of the candle's flame. Koltunov was sleeping, his head low on his breast, his hands limp on his knees. The wicker armchair was empty. The room was a little darker than previously. The book was closed and lay at the corner of the table close to the window-sill. As quietly as possible I tore the curtain and pushed my hand through the rent. Instantaneously Koltunov was on his feet. Seizing the candlestick and swinging it round he shouted, savagely:

"Begone! or I'll kill you!"

The candle went out, but in that instant of ceasing light I caught the vision of a distorted face which vanished in the darkness.

In a moment or two he inquired, roughly but quietly:

"Who's there?"

"It's me. I've called to see if you'll let us have the book."

"No! I will not let you have the book."

Day was breaking as I moved away from the window. In the early brightness, far away on the horizon could be seen the black figure of a man on horseback, and a flock of sheep creeping like a grey cloud. A scene like that was for us, of course, quite commonplace. What we needed was a book; for a book only could stir within us a fresh sense of life.

Koltunov was disagreeable and miserable, and was conscious of it. We began to dislike him and even to dislike his little daughter. On one occasion when she came running up to Yudin I pushed her rudely away from him. Her little, ruby petal of a mouth crinkled into an expression of distress. Koltunov saw it and asked provocatively:

"Wouldn't you like something to read? No doubt you would. But I shan't let you have the book."

Yudin was exasperated. Turning pale, he exclaimed, fiercely: "Even if he gives us the book, we shall not take it. No, I say. We shall not take it."

"All right!" I said in consent.

"Do you agree to it?"

"Yes! I do."

The whole incident finished quite simply. One morning when Koltunov came on duty he flung the book to Yudin and called out:

"Here's the book. Read as much as you like!"

Yudin's nose was immediately inside the covers of the book. In the evening we read it together. The book told the story of a good woman who got married to a ne'er-do-well sort of a man—a husband with whom she could not live, from whom she separated and went to spend herself in the service of mankind.

Was this, then, the reason why Koltunov shed tears, I wondered.

Suddenly Koltunov came staggering into the room. Catching hold of the door-posts he yelled:

"D-don't . . . d-dare . . . to r-read!"

He was shockingly drunk. His bleary eyes glared wildly. His legs were giving way under him. He shouted, "D-d-on't r-read . . . I say! . . . they d-do-n't . . . know. . . . No! . . . Nob'dy . . . un-der . . . stands. Nob'dy. . . . Not wr . . . rit . . . ers. . . . Nobody! . . ." He sank to the floor. With arms stretched out towards us, he bawled:

"S-sil-ence! . . . D-d-on't . . . rea-d!"

And there in the doorway, behind Koltunov stood the little girl, Vera Petrovna. Barefoot, in an unbuttoned frock, which had slid down one of her shoulders, her golden curls rising upward like a flame—she stood and in a dull voice asked:

"Why have you treated him so badly?"

MAXIM GORKI

(Translated by Edward Bernstein)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Storm Song," at the Embassy

A distinguished author once said that if the artists only cared to turn their attention to business they could push the business men off the board. Mr. Denis Johnston may have thought that he would show us that an imaginative playwright could also write a popular comedy. Whether he has succeeded with *Storm Song* (a play about the making of such a film as *Men of Aran*) is hard to tell because of the extremely bad production at The Embassy Theatre. Certainly Mr. Johnston has chosen one of the most difficult receipts for a theatrical success. His play is a mixture of realism, serious comedy, farce and irony—and English audiences enjoy irony about as much as they do sweets with their meats. None the less, there is so much vigour in Mr. Johnston's characterisation; some of the farcical incidents are so genuinely funny and the whole subject of film making is of such interest to modern audiences (one could see them simply lapping up the "shop talk" of "wipes," "fades" and "dissolves") that if *Storm Song* were given the careful timing and admirable acting that we have in, say, *Boy Meets Girl*, it might well be a popular success. At the

moment the general public has realised what the struggle of the artist director against the commercial manager means in the film world. It is, of course, very unfair to compare a repertory performance with a Broadway production or even with last week's admirable production at The Embassy of *Professor Bernhardi*. The producer then had, no doubt, knowledge of the best Viennese productions of that play to draw on. But it is just because the critic is genuinely grateful to The Embassy for its very high level of work that it must be pointed out that *Storm Song* is all but ruined by noise without audibility, by mis-casting and a general lack of conviction until the last passionate argument between Szilard, the director and Gordon King, his assistant, before Szilard rushes out to photograph the storm and go down with the hookers as they try to save their nets. In the earlier scenes Mr. Esmé Percy as Szilard is never convincing and Mr. John Fernald as Gordon, though admirably convincing is inaudibly noisy. Indeed most of the cast—Mr. Alan Wheatley as Alf Quilt and Miss Norah Gordon as Sibby were brilliant exceptions—shout till one thinks of Wagnerian opera badly sung. And this is a great pity, for *Storm Song* is interesting, amusing, at times moving, and well worth seeing.

"A Bride for the Unicorn," at the Westminster

Mr. Denis Johnston's other play, produced by himself at the Westminster Theatre, is more ambitious. In a hotch-potch of styles, covered perhaps by the term expressionism, we are given the adventures of John Foss in quest of the ideal. It begins with a breaking-up day at school and the bust of Lynkeus singing the school song; the statue steps from his pedestal and introduces a mysterious masked woman whom John Foss marries. They go to a hotel—the wedding couple, the statue, the headmaster, the old boys and all. The masked woman disappears. During the rest of the play John Foss looks for her in pubs, on battlefields, at cabinet meetings, and when he finally discovers her she unmasks, revealing herself as Death. It is a crude play, with some brilliant scenes. The general effect is of a piece of *collage*, in which a figure of Everyman, say, has been stuck on to a Ballet Joos. The expressionism seemed rather heavily Teutonic; the humour, on the other hand, is individual and often effective. The actors made the most of their marionette parts, and Mr. Godfrey Kenton as the hero acted and declaimed well.

"One Rainy Afternoon," at the London Pavilion

Clearly the intention of Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky was to give this light Parisian comedy the light French touch. You know what they wanted: they wanted *je ne sais quoi*. Their scenario is taken—by a Mr. Stephen Morehouse Avery, rather forcibly, alas—from *Monsieur Sans-Gêne;* and in the hands of Raymond V. Lee, director of the film, it has become a clumsy American farce. Where it might have neatly gesticulated, it thumps one on the back with a boisterous humour that is as different from gaiety as an American salad is from salad. At its best, a certain healthy sparkle is the nearest it gets to *joie de vivre*. At its worst, it's laborious and vulgar. . . . In a Paris bristling with tabloid reporters, a young French actor, Philippe Martin (Francis Lederer), kisses a girl (Ida Lupino) by mistake for someone else (Comtesse Liev de Maigret) and is sent to jail. Although he contrives with one or two deft touches to relieve the general tension of an absurdly over-acted film, Mr. Lederer, who is referred to throughout as Martang, is misdirected to the point of appearing miscast. He has a Central European accent; Miss Lupino, who hails from London, now talks American; and in this film she is affianced to Erik Rhodes, an English actor who specialises in an Italian accent and a dago manner that are over-emphasised, inaccurate and, one would have thought, not at all funny. The abilities of Joseph Cawthorn and Donald Meek are too sorely tried in two very silly parts, whereas Roland Young, Mischa Auer and Richard Carle just manage to turn the smirk that's in their lines into a smile, and Hugh Herbert gives a splendidly comic performance, relying on that music-hall technique which somehow makes a virtue of exaggeration. He almost saves the film.

"The Tempest," in Regent's Park

The Tempest, as Lytton Strachey pointed out, is in some ways an exceedingly gloomy comedy; and it is natural that the setting of an open-air theatre should tend to bring out its lighter and more innocently lyrical side. With this reservation, the performance at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park is, on the whole, extremely satisfying. Mr. Baliol Holloway—but need they have made him up to look quite so like a more etiolated version of King Kong?—gave an uncommonly forceful rendering of the part of Caliban and did full justice to the magnificent lines of poetry that Shakespeare put into the mouth of a savage and deformed slave. Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb is an admirable Stephano: Mr. Ion Swinley an adequate and dignified, if not sufficiently alarming, Prospero; while Mr. Gyles Isham adds vigour and interest to the not very rewarding role of Antonio, the usurping Duke. The ballet was pleasant in effect, but sometimes rather haphazard in execution.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 10th—

Athletics. A.A.A. Championships, White City.

SATURDAY, July 11th—

"Hansel and Gretel," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

Left Theatre Week-end School, Netherwood, The Ridge, Hastings.

SUNDAY, July 12th—

Prof. J. C. Flugel on "The Psychology of Aggression," Conway Hall, 11.

Anti-Fascist Demonstration. Speeches by the Earl of Listowel, Herbert Morrison, Ernest Thurtle and others, Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, 5.

Dr. Rhinealt Neibuhr, Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 6.30.

Walter Holmes on "An Eye-witness in Abyssinia," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, July 13th—

Performance by the Otherwise Club of "Katie," Barn Theatre, Shere.

"Sans Famille," Everyman Cinema.

"The Sacred Flame," "Q" Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 14th—

Rev. J. Randolph Sasnett on "A Declaration of Interdependence," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

WEDNESDAY, July 15th—

"Spring Tide," Duchess Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

No relationship is happier than that of an uncle and a niece. Affection and intimacy are blended with perfect freedom and complete lack of responsibility. They can live and travel together, part when they like and rejoin each other at will, all without requiring explanations, or arousing scandal. Lovers have always to be pretending; but an uncle feels no shame in letting his niece know that he has a glass eye or a cinnamon wig, and the niece can admit to lapses which she would conceal from her father. Flaubert's Correspondence with Caroline is perhaps the classic example of a perfect relationship between uncle and niece; Henry Adams's Letters to his niece are less well known. In *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, by Henry Adams (Constable, 12*s.* 6*d.*) which was originally published in an edition of one hundred copies in 1905, we meet his niece again, or rather we are invited to impersonate her. For in a preface Adams tells us that his pages are written for nieces or "for those who are willing for the time, to be nieces in wish." Having disguised himself as a mere American tourist, the uncle proceeds to write one of the most delightful and original books on mediaeval art and history that I know. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* is not so much a work on aesthetics, as a means of approach to the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Like all first-rate introductions, it takes one deep into the subject. Adams does not love technical details for their own sake and his good manners and his modesty forbid his ever boring us with them. His style is full of urbanity and humour. Thus, in discussing the rose windows at Chartres he remarks:

> On such matters one must, of course, submit to the opinion of artists, which one does the more readily because they always disagree; but until the artists tell us better, we may please ourselves by fancying that the glass of the rose was intended to harmonise with that of the lancets, and unite it with the thirteenth-century glass of the nave and transepts. . . . We are ignorant tourists, liable to much error in trying to seek the motives in artists who worked seven hundred years ago for a society which thought and felt in forms quite unlike ours, but the mediaeval pilgrim was more ignorant than we; if the idea of an ornament occurs to us, it certainly occurred to him.

* * *

If we are to approach the works of the past we must meet the people who lived in it, mingle with them and become familiar with their ideas. Adams's object is to enable us to do this, without ever frightening us off by making the introductions too difficult. Thus at Mont-Saint-Michel we meet the familiar figures of William and his visitor Harold, who had that day pulled some of his companions out of the quicksands. To see the holy places we must become pilgrims, and listen to the minstrel who sang to amuse them. So we begin with the *Chanson de Roland;* without it we shall never realise the military character of the eleventh century, and its essentially masculine character. The poem lacks a heroine; the round arch is masculine. But though the eleventh century and Mont-Saint-Michel are our points of departure, we do not linger there, but make our way to the twelfth century and Chartres, pausing to visit Notre Dame de Mantes, one of the earliest examples of Gothic, on our journey.

Chartres is the palace of the Virgin; who, after flourishing for centuries in Byzantium, only began to overshadow the Trinity in the Western Church after the Crusades:

> Among the unexpected revelations of human nature that suddenly astonish historians, one of the least reasonable was the passionate outbreak of religious devotion to the ideals of feminine grace, charity and love that took place here in Normandy, while it was still a part of the English kingdom, and flamed up into almost fanatical frenzy among the most hard-hearted and hard-headed race in Europe.

The Crusades had produced a revolution in men's hearts. You have only to look at the portal of the West front—miraculously preserved in the fire of 1194, afterwards taken down and rebuilt stone by stone between the towers. The astonishing thing about it is:

> Not only is fear absent; there is not even a suggestion of pain; there is not a martyr with the symbol of his martyrdom, and what is still more striking, in the sculptured life of Christ, from the Nativity to the Ascension, which adorns the capitals of the columns, the single scene that has been omitted is the Crucifixion . . . everything is there except misery . . . never once are you regarded as a possible rebel, or traitor, or a stranger to be treated with suspicion, or as a child to be impressed by fear.

* * *

This revolution of emotion was accompanied by an enormous popular movement which expressed itself in building the cathedral. Thousands of men gave themselves up to dragging silently the waggons loaded with great blocks of stone from the quarries to the cathedral, which was the centre of an enormous camp where all were convinced that the Virgin was personally present and that the work was being carried out under her direction. Henry Adams compares this scene as an outlet of human energy with the World's Fair at Chicago and passes to the economic side of this emotional movement:

> The bourgeois had put an enormous share of his capital into what was in effect an economical speculation, not unlike the South Sea Scheme, or the railway system of our own time; except that in one case the energy was devoted to shortening the road to Heaven; in the other to shortening the road to Paris.

It needed, however, only three or four generations before he became convinced that his investment was "an almost total loss, and the reaction on his mind was almost as violent as the emotion." But this reaction is outside the province of the book. If we are to approach closely we must meet not only such harsh figures as William and Harold. As soon as the transition begins, the women assume equality with the men, even if they do not achieve paramount importance. William the Conqueror, tired of being called a bastard by his wife, may have dragged her round Caen by the hair; his great grandson married a woman who had lived exactly as she pleased, and is credited with having a love affair with Saladin, five years before she forced Louis VII of France to divorce her. She was the mother of Coeur-de-Lion, and while the Virgin miraculously purified men's hearts, "Eleanor and her daughters were using the power of earthly love to discipline and refine the courts." Eleanor and her daughter Mary of Champagne, created the courts of love, and the revolution in the attitude of the sexes is seen if we contrast the song of Roland with poems such as Lancelot and Perceval, or with Coeur-de-Lion's prison-song to his sister, Mary of Champagne. It was the age of Heloise and Abelard; we must listen to Abelard in the schools, for his arguments are an integral part of his tragic story. Henry Adams leads us on from stone carvings and coloured glass to men and women, their loves, their poetry and their ideas, and Abelard is followed by the system of St. Thomas Aquinas. Having grasped the architecture of stone we must attempt to understand the architecture of theology. The niece who might have recoiled in Chapter One will find herself laughing at the sentence:

> An economic civilisation troubles itself about the Universe much as a hive of honey-bees troubles about the ocean, only as a region to be avoided.

And having lived for some time with Chartres Cathedral in her mind, she will now take delight in the arguments of Aquinas:

> Step by step and stone by stone, we see him build his Church-building like a stone-mason. The balance of matter against mind was the same necessity in the Church Intellectual as the balance of thrusts in the arch of the Gothic cathedral.

The analogy is exact, for the central idea of both scholasticism and Gothic was that of organic unity. Both endure though the universe has expanded and modified our attitude to them:

> Truth, indeed, may not exist; science avers it to be only a relation; but what men took for truth stares one everywhere in the eye, and begs for sympathy.

Henry Adams was not only sensitive to that appeal, but peculiarly able to arouse it. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* kindles a sympathy which is the best substitute most of us can offer to-day for understanding.

DAVID GARNETT

THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS

The Weather in the Streets. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. *Collins.* 8s.

Miss Lehmann belongs to a generation that, for the most part, finds maturity difficult. Its emotion—congested, one cannot know how synthetic—is, though not pleasant to suffer, easier to suffer than to express: there has come to be perfected, for dealing with emotion, a frigid kind of bravado, irony with a current of mawkishness, in which the public school spirit has an unhappy counterpart. Many good novels show a muffled dismay. *One* sort of emotional novel is not, unhappily, rare: it is, as a rule, so shocking as to leave one with the impression that only second-rate people are uninhibited now. There is masochistic frankness, but almost no spontaneity.

Miss Lehmann is an exception to all this. The most remarkable, the most natural of her qualities is the power to give emotion its full value and play, to transcribe into prose emotion that is grown up and spontaneous, fatalistic but not abject, sublime without being high-pitched, infusing life but knowing its own isolation. She attempts to make no relation—necessarily a false relation—between emotion, with its colossal, unmoving subjective landscape, and outside life with its flickering continuity of action and fact. She writes, in fact, to underline the disparity, which is the subject of *The Weather in the Streets*—its plot being the story of a love affair.

> Beyond the glass casing I was in was the weather, were the winter streets in rain, wind, fog, in the fine frosty days and nights, the mild damp grey ones. Pictures of London weather the other side of the glass—not reaching the body. . . . In this time there was no sequence, no development. Each time was new, was different, existing without relation to before and after; all the times were one and the same. [And later.] Now I see what an odd duality it gave to life; being in love with Rollo was all-important, the times with him were the only reality; yet in another way they had no existence in reality. It must have been the same with him.

Circumstances increase this natural isolation of love. Olivia, sensitive, wary, tentative and a touch defiant, discouraged and in her own view declassed by a futile marriage, now over, becomes the mistress of Rollo Spencer—assured, charming, easy and essentially fortunate. The defensive husk she has acquired irks her a little and does not quite fit. Like most solitary people playing their own hand, she is absorbed, if not always fortified, by an intensive inner life. In any world—with her family, on the night she dines with the Spencers, with her London friends, so gentle, bleak, a sexual, intimate—Olivia is alien, uncertain, nostalgic. She is like someone sitting a long way from the fire, but near a mirror reflecting the firelight. Whereas Rollo is more than an inmate of *his* world; his world is part of his nature; she sees in him the strong and happy flowering of it. From this world, now their love affair has begun, she is bound to know him apart; she is conscious that, in being with her, he is dissociated, however happily, from the major part of himself. Their love has for him the exhilaration of island life, whereas for her it is a continent.

The figure of Rollo Spencer, sometimes no more than a big, fatal silhouette, sometimes seen in strong light—with his "upper class charm," his intensities of purpose, his confusion of motive—is magnificently put in. Olivia's awareness of her lover never exceeds the bounds of love or art; she apprehends him rather than observes him; in thought, in the narrative of her consciousness, the idiom of love is never departed from—which, pitching the book so perfectly that there is never a drop in it, is in itself very fine art. The changes of person—from the third to the first in Part Two (giving the effect of blurred, too close-up, climactic, subjective vision), then back to the third again in Part Three, for sadder detachment, a sense of brutal collision with the outside world—are very telling. Apart from this, there is not a single intrusion of "technique"; though technically there are few flaws in the book. As a writer, Miss Lehmann's competence is so great that she has been able to sink her competence in her subject. There is no showing off—which is too rare. Her style has a sensuous, vital simplicity, to which her brain gives edge.

No one can write better than Miss Lehmann about the aesthetics, the intimate charm—much more than charm—of luxury, the unwary civility of the old world, privilege, ease, grace. She has always been able to place, and to evaluate, glamour. She has also a great command of contrast—between groups of people, settings, seasons of the year, moods, different idioms in talk. Olivia's solitary though gregarious life in London, her visits home, her times with Rollo Spencer make a strong triangle in the structure of the book. The Curtis family life, with its dialogue, is delicious. There are few "minor" characters in *The Weather in the Streets:* Kate, now a cool young matron, Kate's children, Mrs. Curtis, Lady Spencer, Marigold, Etty and Anna are more than a mere supporting cast; they have an opposing reality of their own, and play a positive part in the plot. Miss Lehmann has accomplished a remarkably difficult thing; she has added, palpably, ten years of age to her characters since their first appearance in *Invitation to the Waltz.* Some features have hardened and others blurred; that first lyrical freshness has left Olivia and Kate.

Everything that went to make Miss Lehmann's three other novels is present in *The Weather in the Streets,* and still more has been added, which is as it should be. This book, which has lovely qualities that are inimitably its writer's, is outstanding as a sheer piece of good work. ELIZABETH BOWEN

"A profoundly disturbing book"
—*Manchester Guardian.*

J. M. KEYNES
General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money
(10th thousand)

"During the next few months, it will be read and eagerly discussed by practically every English-speaking student of economics.

During the next few years, it will be the storm-centre of a controversy which will not be confined to academic circles, and which will be conducted with at least as much passion as logic and good sense.

And finally, when the dust has blown away, the economic background of the ordinary educated man will have taken on a new colouring."—*Time and Tide.*

MACMILLAN **5s. net**

FOX

The Life of Charles James Fox. By EDWARD LASCELLES. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

When Fox died on September 13th, 1806, the stimulated affection and sense of desolation felt by his followers might fairly be described as something comparable to the feelings of the Disciples after the first Good Friday. As Mr. Lascelles puts it: "It was natural that they should exaggerate beyond the utmost exaggeration of tombstones, for they felt the loss of such a friend as only he could be, and they felt that after a generation of waiting for power their leader had been taken from them at the moment when he was at last to show that their belief in his genius was well founded."

No English politician has ever inspired the same depth of affection in his followers—not just his immediate colleagues—but followers as remote and diverse as the Prince of Wales, who once said "In alliance with him it has been the pride of my life to avow myself a party man"; or as Creevey, who wrote of him with unexpected fervour as "in every sense *perfect.*" To recapture Fox's personality and to explain his extraordinary hold over his followers has proved a baffling task for most of his biographers. The professed historian—his experience of character and personality limited to his slightly freakish academic world—

Now ready

The fortieth and final volume in

THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

Edited by M. R. RIDLEY, M.A., with preface, notes, and glossary to each volume. Designs by ERIC GILL. In 40 volumes. Pocket size. In Leather, 3s. net each. In Cloth, 2s. net each.

'There can be no doubt that it is the best one-play-one-volume edition for the general reader. At the same time it will be of great service to the student. The text should be the accepted standard for years to come.'—*The Glasgow Herald*. 'Beautifully printed and charmingly bound.'—*Spectator*.

William Shakespeare

A COMMENTARY

by M. R. Ridley, M.A.

This volume contains a brief life of the man, the life of the dramatist, that is to say; an examination of the plays in chronological order, showing Shakespeare's development; a summary of the problems involved in the determination of the text; and sections on the Elizabethan theatre and Shakespeare's language.

Alphabetical List of the 40 volumes:

All's Well that Ends Well
Antony and Cleopatra
As You Like It
Comedy of Errors
Coriolanus
Cymbeline
Hamlet
Henry IV (Part I)
Henry IV (Part II)
Henry V
Henry VI (Part I)
Henry VI (Part II)
Henry VI (Part III)
Henry VIII
Julius Caesar
King John
King Lear
Love's Labour's Lost
Macbeth
Measure for Measure
Merchant of Venice
Merry Wives of Windsor
Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado About Nothing
Othello
Pericles
Richard II
Richard III
Romeo and Juliet
Sonnets
Taming of the Shrew
Tempest
Timon of Athens
Titus Andronicus
Troilus and Cressida
Twelfth Night
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Venus and Adonis *and* The Rape of Lucrece
Winter's Tale
William Shakespeare: *A Commentary*

A 16-page prospectus of the complete edition post free on request from the publishers:

J. M. DENT & SONS LIMITED
Aldine House · Bedford Street · London

CHARLES JAMES FOX

By Edward Lascelles

15/- net

". . To do justice to this theme a writer must steep himself in the manners and the gossip as well as in the politics of the eighteenth century. . . Nobody since Sir George Trevelyan wrote his 'Early Life' half a century ago has been as successful as Mr. Lascelles in giving his readers the atmosphere of both worlds. His book seems to me, on this account, the best life that has appeared. This is very high praise. . ." J. L. HAMMOND in the *Manchester Guardian*

". . This is one of those rare and admirable books where 'hard writing' has made 'easy reading. . ." *Birmingham Post*

THE ALLEGORY OF LOVE

By C. S. Lewis

15/- net

". . Anyone can see that Mr. Lewis has written a good book . . My own feeling is that he has written a great book, in the tradition of Ker's Epic and Romance' and Bradley's 'Shakespearean Tragedy'..." G. M. YOUNG in the *Sunday Times*

COSTUME IN THE DRAMA OF SHAKESPEARE & HIS CONTEMPORARIES

By M. C. Linthicum

15/- net

". . A book of essential value to all students of costume, and of the greatest interest to Elizabethan specialists of all kinds. . ." *Times Literary Supplement*

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES

By E. Ekwall

15/- net

". . The book is more than an exhaustive work of reference ; it is at once dictionary, history and romance. . ." *Morning Post*

". . A remarkable achievement. . ." *Times Literary Supplement*

AN A.B.C. OF ENGLISH USAGE

By H. A. Treble and G. H. Vallins

2/6 net

". . Those who wish to preserve some sort of standard worthy of our glorious past will welcome this guide. . ." *Notes and Queries*

". . A kind of pocket Fowler. . ." A.M.A.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

is ill qualified for the task, and in several hundred masterly but involved pages would merely bemuse his reader with the intricacies of Whig politics. It is because Mr. Lascelles has succeeded in disentangling Fox the man from Fox the politician—in giving the reader some reasonable explanation for his ascendancy over his friends and followers—that I think his book is worthy of the highest praise. It is not a flashy book—not one to be picked up for half an hour with a glass of sherry before dinner, but one to be read with diligent care by all who are interested in English history and English politics. Indeed, I can think of no better holiday task for some of our modern M.P.'s—particularly, perhaps, the self-styled Labour and Liberal supporters of the present Government—than to take this book away with them and to learn from its pages something of political principle, something of political constancy.

It is true that Fox himself was twice a member of a coalition government—once with Lord North and again with that dullest of dull dogs, Addington—but although these coalitions suffered from the unpopularity of all such devices, it was argued at the time that they were essential if Whig policy was ever to be put into practice, and it is indisputable that in both the governments of 1783 and 1806 Fox and his followers were the dominant partners. Indeed, the Government of 1806 was a triumph of Whig policy, and Fox, when he was dying, wrote triumphantly to his nephew: "Don't think me selfish, young one. The Slave Trade and Peace are two such glorious things, I can't give them up, even to you. If I can manage them, I will then retire." Had Fox gone into alliance with Pitt in 1804, as was suggested to George III, the dominance of Whig policy in the Cabinet would have been less assured and the wisdom and propriety of such a step more in doubt. Fortunately for Fox's reputation, George III's mental powers in 1804 proved quite unequal to such a prospect, and after Fox's name had been proposed to him he drove down Bond Street cheerfully calling out to his respectful but startled subjects "Hot buns!" It is less easy to justify Fox's secession from the House of Commons during the years 1797–1803. He had once said of this policy (if running away can fairly be called a policy) "It is the measure a shabby fellow would take in our circumstances." The decision was no doubt caused partly by the delights of rural life at St. Ann's Hill and partly by what Mr. Lascelles calls "the sudden descent of old age." He was overpersuaded to this action by Lord Grey and others of his supporters, but it remains a serious blot on his political judgment.

The blend of failure and dissipation in Fox's life explains why, apart from the pious and partial memorials of Lord Holland and Lord John Russell, he was neglected by nineteenth century biographers. It might almost have been expected that the twentieth century biographer—belonging to a perverse and argumentative race—would have written a book to prove that Fox was really a success and was really not dissipated at all. Fortunately, Mr. Lascelles has not fallen into this obvious trap, and he very properly deals severely with the fantastic proportions of Fox's gambling which, at one bout alone, drew £140,000 from old Lord Holland's pocket and undoubtedly hastened his death. Had Fox died in 1783 his life could hardly have attracted the services of any biographer, and Mr. Lascelles is certainly right to emphasise the change that came over him after his attachment (which began in 1783) and subsequent marriage to Mrs. Armistead. The trivial round of Brooks's, Devonshire House, Newmarket and Westminster gave place to "a little house in the country with a small farm, a placid existence with Mrs. Armistead, his books and the nightingales in the garden."

Nothing is more fatal to a dead man's wit than examples of it: nothing distorts a dead man more than the repetition of his quips and jests. I cannot, however, resist giving here one example of Fox's wit which seemed to me to have the true ring. It was his remark when the birth of an heir to his brother destroyed the reversionary interest on which he had heavily borrowed: "He is a little Messiah born for the destruction of the Jews." Fox was not, as Mr. Lascelles says, a scholar in the true sense of the word. He was educated at Eton, of which he said "I think that none but those who have been there ever have a correct notion of Greek or even Latin metre." From Eton he went to Oxford, where he worked harder than has been often suggested, adopting a rather gentlemanly attitude to scholarship. "One receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all." He was passionately fond of partridge shooting and cricket: it was in pursuit of the former that he nearly blew off his right hand, drawing on himself a well-deserved rebuke from Wakefield for pleasures "which misbecome a man of letters." His conversation can never be better described than in the words of the Duchess of Devonshire: "It is like a brilliant player of billiards, the strokes follow one another, piff paff." It is easy to see now that Fox owed his position in English politics and with his followers partly to his gifts of oratory, not at all to his political talents which were not of a high order, and principally to the variety of his interests and accomplishments. He had, too, that first essential for leadership in English politics—the power to give the impression that whatever calls Westminster may make on mind and body, the heart and inclination are firmly fixed in the English countryside. He summed it all up in the delightful sentence which Mr. Lascelles rightly prints on the title page: "I love idleness so much and so dearly, that I have hardly the heart to say a word against it; but something is due to one's station in life, something to friendship, something to the country." ROGER FULFORD

THE CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD

An Essay on Nature and Education

by

Joseph H. Wicksteed

10/6 net

"*What cannot be conveyed in a review is the richness of understanding and the wide liberality of outlook which have given Mr. Wicksteed's work its special quality, now in print, as formerly in school practice.*" *OBSERVER*

THE FRAMEWORK OF THE PRICING SYSTEM

by

E. H. Phelps Brown, M.A.

10/6 net

"*Students of economics will find this book of special interest because of the manner in which the author treats his subject. The study of this work will repay any student, on the score both of its method of approach and of its analysis of the special problem of prices.*"

SCOTTISH BANKERS MAGAZINE

CHAPMAN & HALL

THE GREEK MIDDLE AGES

The World of Hesiod: A Study of the Greek Middle Ages *c.* 900–700 B.C. By A. R. BURN. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The advance of historical study, and especially the increased knowledge of the habits of primitive peoples, have entirely revolutionised the study of ancient Greece. The remote, divine, marmoreal figures of Winckelmann have at last disappeared from history, and we are now acquainted with a people emerging with gigantic efforts from barbarism and succeeding by a unique combination of gifts in making a temporary escape from the potent forces of primitive custom. The Greeks were neither gods nor beasts, and the peculiar character of their achievement was determined no less by the customs which they maintained than by those which they abandoned. It is therefore right that Mr. Burn should attempt a study of the Greek Middle Ages, the time when a primitive agricultural community began to experiment with its institutions and to change its ideas. As his basis he takes the poems of Hesiod, the one full and authentic record of life at this time, but he supplements this with all the material, literary and archaeological, which he can find and presents us with a chapter

NEW BOOKS

HONORIA LAWRENCE

A FRAGMENT OF INDIAN HISTORY

By MAUD DIVER

The fascinating story of the wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, the defender of Lucknow, told by his great-niece, the famous novelist. With 8 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net

SYDNEY HOLLAND: LORD KNUTSFORD

A MEMOIR

By JOHN GORE

A complete picture of Sydney Holland both as a man and as the well-loved personification of philanthropy, which was the side of him hitherto more familiar to his host of admirers. With 13 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net

Next Thursday

Recollections of

SOPHIA LONSDALE

Compiled by VIOLET MARTINEAU

A trenchant and humorous account of a remarkable life dedicated to the service of others and lived in a cathedral city. With a Frontispiece. 9s. net

Next Thursday

CANOE ERRANT ON THE NILE

By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART

The author of "Canoe Errant" here makes an amazing journey by canoe and describes a part of the world which has been inspected leisurely by few. With 30 original Photographs. 7s. 6d. net

ROMILLY-EDGEWORTH LETTERS, 1813-1818

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

SAMUEL HENRY ROMILLY

"Amusing and wise"—*The Times.*
"Should on no account be missed"—*Observer.*
With 8 Illustrations. 9s. net

Established Successes

★ THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION of **The Story of San Michele** by **Axel Munthe**, with a new Preface by the Author, 122 Illustrations. 18s. net. Bound in Buckram 25s. net

★ WALTER STARKIE'S new *Raggle-Taggle* book **DON GYPSY.** 10s. 6d. net

★ FREYA STARK'S **The Southern Gates of Arabia.** *2nd Impression.* 16s. net

JOHN MURRAY

Seeley Service & Co. Ltd.

Founded 1744

Sailing Troubadour By B. J. KLITGAARD

The charming and unconventional adventures of a well-known operatic singer and a professional dancer, who earned a precarious livelihood singing and sailing their way from one continental seaport to another. *Well illustrated.* 10s. 6d. net.

Papuan Epic By KEITH BUSHELL

"A wonderful tale, powerfully and convincingly told." *Well illustrated.* 12s. 6d. net. —*National Review.*

Rolling On By B. EYRE-WALKER

"Chockful of incident and adventure. Written in racy fashion and never gets uninteresting."—*Aberdeen Press.* 10s. 6d. net.

Things Seen in Cambridge

By A. L. MAYCOCK, M.A.(Cantab.)

"A pleasant, discursive and at the same time well-informed introduction to Cambridge. It is all capital, easy going reading."—*Times Literary Supplement.* 3s. 6d. net.

The Lonsdale Library

Editors: THE EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G., AND MR. ERIC PARKER

Polo

Edited by THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY. By "MARCO," Brig.-Gen. R. L. RICKETTS, Maj.-Gen. GEOFFREY BROOKE, Col. CANNON.

"The most exhaustive and comprehensive guide to Polo ever published."—*Sunday Times.* 25s. net.

Deer, Hare & Otter Hunting

By THE EARL OF COVENTRY, Maj.-Gen. GEOFFREY BROOKE, THE EARL OF STRADBROKE, etc., etc.

"Although hunting people will welcome and appreciate this book, it should also make a wide appeal to everyone interested in the life of the countryside."—*Times.* 15s. net.

196 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

Williams & Norgate

OBJECTIVE EVOLUTION

By C. Pleydell-Bouverie

Author of "The Cosmic Awakening."

This work presents evolution as an expansion of consciousness which, in the human case, is manifested in the development of civilisation. The author maintains that there is a connection between philosophic ideals and the level of consciousness attained, and that just as religious idealism has coloured the developments of the past, so to-day scientific idealism expressed in philosophy is the first and essential objective approach to a new phase of advance.

7/6 *net*

Great Russell Street

of history which is well written, well documented, and composed in an admirably fair and scientific spirit.

Hesiod presents a marked contrast to Homer, whom antiquity regarded as his contemporary. Homer had a heroic view of life, in which the only men who mattered were the " god-born " kings and standards of conduct were based on the conception of hereditary nobility. Hesiod was a struggling farmer. He had little respect for kings; he knew that life was hard; he saw little beyond his own farm. If Homer lived with an idealised past, Hesiod lived in a painful and laborious present. Mr. Burn gives an excellent account of Hesiod, and is at pains to stress his primitive elements. He writes well about that respect for magic, which Homer hardly mentions, and about the customs which gave to Hesiod's world its special character. Particularly good is his account of the early Greek view of the family and its unusual attitude towards sex. Perhaps he is over-emphatic in his account of the subjection of women, but on the whole his account of the Greek family is as good as any that can be found in English. He does not forget the important part played by games and ceremonies in Greek life, and he has many interesting things to say on matters so diverse as rules of inheritance, use of metals, and the punishment of murderers.

After painting in detail this primitive world, Mr. Burn advances to those vital years when colonial expansion changed the shape and character of Greek life. Hesiod is left behind, and Mr. Burn picks a difficult path through a mass of oddly assorted and often conflicting evidence. Here the experts will, of course, often disagree with him. Where primary authorities are lacking and hypothesis holds the field, there is always room for dispute. But here, too, Mr. Burn has made a manful attempt to master the details of his subject and to give a synoptic view of it. The story he tells is of a revolution worked in an agricultural society by the invention of money and the growth of trade. The revolution was indeed enormous. The difference between Hesiod and the men of the sixth century, who invented natural science and reformed religion, was much more than a difference of degree. The widening of the Greek horizon altered the whole character of Greek life, and Mr. Burn rightly ends his book with the opening of the seventh century.

C. M. BOWRA

AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT the shares of British Banks and Insurance Companies offer safety of capital and certainty of income with excellent prospects of appreciation. Hitherto, investment in this field has been restricted by the high cost of the shares and the liability generally attaching to them in respect of uncalled capital. Through the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares the investor can now acquire an interest, free from personal liability, in shares selected from fifty-two leading British Banks and Insurance Companies.

TRUST of BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

Bank-Insurance Units may be purchased through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¼ per cent. to 4 per cent. Price of Units, 7th July, 21s. 6d.

TRUSTEES: MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED.
30 CORNHILL • LONDON • E.C.3. TEL. MANSION HSE. 5467

For full particulars apply to the General Manager for Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares Pamphlet.

McN 836/4

ROUND ENGLAND

History in the Open Air. By HENRY JOHN RANDALL. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.
Nature in Britain. By SEVEN AUTHORS. With an Introduction by HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Batsford.* 5s.
Tankard Travels. By GORDON BECKLES. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
Pot Luck in England. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
Sussex Cottage. By ESTHER MEYNELL. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.
This England. By W. S. SHEARS. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The hundreds of people writing books about England's face either find it interesting or else ugly, and in the last case they generally invent one of their own. Indeed, the authors fall into one of two classes—contenteds or escapists.

The contented, unbothered by the internal combustion engine, pursue their way hung with leather-cased apparatus intent on arrowhead, rood-screen or beetle.

Of the six books on this list, three are by contenteds. Mr. Randall's *History in the Open Air* is mainly a reprint of articles which have appeared in *The London Mercury*, *Antiquity*, and the *Edinburgh Review*. Like most archaeologists he treats the layman with disdain. He opens with the remark that " the face of the country is the most important historical document we possess," and goes on to describe the pitfalls awaiting those who mistake the Celtic field system for the three-field system, harrow ways for hollow ways and Saxon place names for Roman ones. His most informative chapter is on the English village, which is not as old as we generally believe it to be. His story of Bertram the forger is as good as a detective mystery. The book is a warning and an aid to would-be archaeologists. It shows them the difficulties of the subject and it mentions recent useful archaeological works.

The bunch of nature lovers who have contributed to *Nature in Britain* all enjoy what they are writing about and fire the reader with their enthusiasm. Toads have a superhuman sense of orientation. Badgers become domesticated. The otter is the most intelligent British mammal. The wild cat is increasing. A dangerous fresh-water crab was found at Chelsea Power Station last year. Forty learned pages on flowers and plants by Robert Gathorne Hardy and four uproarious and equally learned ones on fungi by his brother Edward, conclude a book that would have been worth the 5s. for its excellent photographs alone.

One more author comes on the contented list. He sounds a different fellow from the others—Gordon Beckles, star reporter on the *Daily Express*. His book is called *Tankard Travels* and the name is unfortunate since it implies pseudo-Rabelaisian beer drinking in Sussex pubs. Actually *Tankard Travels* are honest and penetrating essays on different parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The best is about the funeral of a Blueshirt martyr. Mr. Beckles has shown as much detachment and thoroughness about his study of people as the archaeologists and naturalists have about their ridgeways and mammals. The prose style is readable in its clipped, typewritten, *Daily Express* manner.

The first and by far the best of the escapists is Mr. Douglas Goldring. His book is called *Pot Luck in England* and he has certainly found it no liberty hall. The title is unworthy of such intelligent grumbling. The author avoided the " ugly " bits in his bus rides round England, but found himself up against the usual insolence of hotel managers, bad food in pretentious coffee rooms, snobbery in bogus Tudor lounges. He had virulent arguments with militarists. Throughout he gives sound architectural criticisms. The illustrations do not come up to the excellence of the text.

Mr. Goldring, though discontented, is a militant escapist, if such a conjunction of words has the meaning I want to convey. Mrs. Meynell is a sentimental one. Her *Sussex Cottage* was built by Sussex men with Sussex bricks and Sussex tiles and Sussex oak. A Sussex smith forged Sussex latches, lifted no doubt with Sussex straps by Sussex literary people. " I have a really cottage mind," she says. Her cottage must have " tiny casement windows in which gay curtains flutter in the breeze, and then windows should be set perfectly in age-deep thatch. But there must be lots of light and sun and wide views, and no ants or other crawling things." And hot water and baths, of course. The Sussex literary giant comes in " declaiming French songs and discoursing on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas " and " drinking good Sussex beer on all these occasions."

Pride and Prejudice

Occasionally a man comes to us openly sceptical about our competence to make him clothes which are in everything excepting price comparable with the productions of his West-end tailor. He has been going to this tailor ever since his father took him for his first suit, and he may or may not be satisfied with the clothes he is getting. He comes to us echoing one of our advertisements by saying that he really doesn't see why a first-class suit can't be made in the City as easily as in the West-end, and if it's going to save him guineas, he's certainly going to give Goss a trial.

Before coming he has had to reason down that old pride in the name of his tailor, and overcome an inherent prejudice against all tailors east of Oxford Circus. Like lots of other prejudices this one doesn't bear examination; nevertheless, it persists.

The Goss brothers' business is not a big one; it couldn't be and retain its fundamental characteristic, which is to give a really personal service. The two brothers, who do the most important parts of the work themselves, assisted by Mr. Whitehouse, have had a long experience in the highest grade of London tailoring. They offer a range of distinctive and pleasant materials which will satisfy anybody, and the workmanship, down to the smallest detail, is of the highest standard.

In short, the Gosses conduct their tailoring business on lines which threaten to create a long list of customers whose pride is in Goss clothes and whose prejudice is against any others! They hope that this pride and prejudice will never become a habit, but remain based more soundly on the merits of Goss craftsmanship and the care exercised in the selection of all materials used.

A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 7159*

MILK ..and children

STRIKING REPORT OF SCHOOL MEDICAL OFFICER

"The difference is distinctly noticeable"

The Cumberland County Council have recently issued the report of their School Medical Officer, in which many striking statements are made on the value of milk to children's health.

The report states that approximately 51 p.c. of elementary school children in the county are now taking mid-morning milk in school. As a result of careful comparison between the milk-drinking and the non-milk-drinking children, the head teachers state :—

> "The difference is definitely noticeable in both appearance and general health. Among those under the milk scheme the percentage of non-attendance has been almost negligible. *For the first time for several years there has been no epidemic during the autumn term . . . and an absence of coughs and colds.* The children who get milk regularly look as if they got it. The teachers note *pale cheeks now rosy*, and the children brighter."

It would hardly be possible to imagine a more impressive testimonial for milk and its importance to children!

Proper nourishment is a child's first and finest guard against illness, and the best assurance of healthy growth. Hence these results of milk in school. For milk has all the protective vitamins in it. Milk has the most valuable muscle-building protein in it. Milk is the food of foods.

Convenient arrangements exist in nearly every school now—whereby for only ½d. a day each child may receive its mid-morning milk. Are *your* children benefiting from this scheme? Are *your* children getting enough milk?

The question is of national importance.

ISSUED BY THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

Mrs. Meynell's writing is described as "delicate" by some reviewers. Here are some examples: "I wonder why this attractive plant is called honesty? Is it because of its shining innocence of face, etc.?" "Wood fires have a more romantic feeling than those of coal—though coal is much more romantic and strange if we stop to think about it." Here and there is some good description of a county that is already over-described, over-explored and over-run.

This England, as its author Mr. W. S. Shears honestly admits, "is not the outcome of original research." It is an attempt to compress all England by counties into one volume. The most useful bits are the lists of local dishes. The illustrations are by Hanslip Fletcher. Mr. Shears dismisses Cheltenham as a scholastic centre "modern in appearance" with a "fourteenth century parish church." I label him an escapist because of his preference for historical interest to any other. His book will be useful to the average motorist in keeping him to the beaten track.

JOHN BETJEMAN

IMPERIALISM IN RETREAT

Philippine Independence. By GRAYSON KIRK. *Farrar and Rinehart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dawn Over Samarkand. By JOSHUA KUNITZ. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The old naive Socialist doctrine that capitalism might conceivably be suspected of having something to do with war is to-day a little out of fashion. Marx and Lenin have been pushed off their pedestals to make room for Sir Norman Angell. According to his comfortable theory, capitalist and worker may find a common bond of interest in the cause of peace. Only the victims of illusion can believe that nations go armed to protect their markets, their investments, their trade routes. Such books, however, as Mr. Grayson Kirk's study of American Imperialism in the Philippines suggests that perhaps Sir Norman himself is the victim of a greater illusion. No doubt the motives which drove the United States to conquer the Philippines were complex. President McKinley communed for hours with the Almighty before despatching an American gunboat. Theodore Roosevelt even quoted Kipling, proclaiming it "rather bad poetry, but good sense from the expansionist point of view." Yet one does not need to be unduly cynical to believe that it was the inquiry sent to report on the commercial value and mineral deposits of the islands which finally decided the issue. The recent grant of independence may be directly attributed to a similar incentive. The exporting interests which have in the past sucked considerable profits from the Philippines' trade have now been overwhelmed by a superior power. The farm groups and the sugar interests successfully used a political weapon to gain an economic end. The case of the Philippines is, therefore, in the truest sense of the phrase, the exception that proves the rule. If a class group can dictate that an empire shall be lost, presumably they can also demand that an empire shall be won. Mr. Kirk shows that United States policy in the Philippines has throughout reflected the dominant interest of American capitalism. Pressure from the capitalist is always likely to prove more urgent than some vague assessment of long run national advantage.

Perhaps an even more convincing proof of this thesis may be found in the experience of those who have worked on the principle which Sir Norman Angell so vigorously assails. Whilst the Western powers were competing in Africa, Russian Imperialism extended its conquests in Central Asia. After 1917, however, Stalin was entrusted with the task of recruiting Asiatic nationalism in the war against Tsarist tyranny. Since that date, by the application of the Soviet policy of combining economic co-operation with cultural autonomy, the Communist Government has been able to unloose all those energies among the colonial peoples which the Tsarist regime sought to repress. As early as 1913 Stalin had laid down the principles which should govern a Communist party's dealings with a subject people. Joshua Kunitz's book reveals how faithfully these principles have been translated into practice. *Dawn Over Samarkand* is not just another eulogistic account of Soviet achievement. It deals particularly with the Communist theme that the fight against capitalism at home cannot be extricated from the revolt against colonial oppression abroad. Stripped of territories at the end of the war, compelled to submit to all the indignities imposed on the dissatisfied powers, Russia to-day cannot be regarded as a potential aggressor; she has, moreover, been able to establish amicable relations with those peoples oppressed by the Tsar. Probably not even Sir Norman Angell himself would care to deny that this change has only been made possible by the revolution in Russia's economic system. This book, therefore, should do much to dispel the general fog of sentimental illusion which still surrounds the whole question of colonies and mandates. Colonial peoples in revolt must be regarded by a Socialist opposition as allies in the fight against a common enemy; they must never be looked upon as chattel-slaves to be bought and sold in the market of European diplomacy.

MICHAEL FOOT

LAW AND/OR JUSTICE?

Justice in a Depressed Area. By CHARLES MUIR. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

The writer of this book says he has been convinced that the poorer classes suffer injustices in the ordinary law courts which are hardly tolerable. It is perhaps unfortunate that the title of his book may convey the impression that such injustice is peculiar to the depressed areas. A few days ago Mr. Muir's book was lying on the table while I was engaged in a case in a provincial court more than a hundred miles from the area in question. A brother solicitor read pages 80 to 84 and asked me where the author practised, as it was obvious he knew our district well. The injustices and irregularities which occur every day in provincial "Police" courts are, unfortunately, incredible to those who have not actually seen them. As the author says on p. 169:

> The Police Court system is the most autocratic and variable of all the English judicial processes and while occasionally it reaches fairly high standards it not infrequently falls to a level at which it ceases to be a judicial process at all.

The worst cases usually occur when no advocates, or only those actually engaged in the case, are present. And the comfortable middle-class public readily accept the pompous platitudes of Lord Hailsham, who has no practical knowledge of the facts, in preference to the statements of Mr. Muir, who speaks from personal experience.

But the author is not merely, nor even mainly, concerned with the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. He emphasises, what is

Profit Without Risk!

3%-4%-5% TAX FREE

—and your capital absolutely secure

GENEROUS ADVANCES ON APPROVED PROPERTY

CITY OF LONDON BUILDING SOCIETY

(incorporated under the Building Societies Act 1874).

DRAYTON HOUSE, GORDON STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

A NEW SERVICE

England to POLAND AND RUSSIA LENINGRAD

By the 6,000 ton Passenger Liner "Meknes," carrying 1st, Tourist and 3rd Classes. Round cruise and tours in Poland or tours in Russia (in co-operation with INTOURIST LTD., the official service of the Russian Government).

The "Meknes" is a Passenger Liner and does not carry cargo. The Round Trip (calls at Copenhagen, Gdynia and Leningrad) makes a pleasant short cruise of ten days. Tours arranged in Poland and Russia to passengers' own specifications.

Particulars from

French Line C.G.T.

20 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
or Leading Tourist Agencies.

D.A.75

SAN SEBASTIAN and the Basque Coast

Far-sighted planning has made SAN SEBASTIAN one of the world's most famous holiday resorts. Bracing Biscay air sweeps sun-kissed sands laved by the cool waters of the South Atlantic; set in a frame of towering mountain scenery. Fast, modern transport puts the whole of the rugged Basque Coast within your reach.

Write for general information and literature to the CENTRO DE ATRACCION & TURISMO, SAN SEBASTIAN (SPAIN), *and for inclusive Tours, Fares, Hotels, etc., to your nearest tourist agent. London office: 205/206 High Holborn, W.C.1. Phone: Holborn 7091.*

G. D. H. COLE
on
A Popular Front for Britain?

VISCOUNT CECIL on the Use of Force in International Affairs. VERNON BARTLETT in a telephone interview from Geneva. S. P. B. MAIS on Unemployment and Occupational Clubs. LADY WILLIAMS on Nutrition.

THE NEW OUTLOOK
July, 1936 Price Sixpence
Obtainable through all newsagents

A PLAQUE OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

We have recently published a very striking portrait of T. E. Lawrence, wearing Arab head-dress, in the form of a plaster Plaque. This can be had in either white or bronze finish, and measures 11 × 7 inches.

White 12/6. Bronze 15/-.
(Postage 9d.)

Illustrated prospectus on application.

W. HEFFER & SONS LIMITED
CAMBRIDGE ENGLAND
and of all booksellers.

JOIN THIS fellowship of the sea

There is a fellowship in the calling of our Lifeboatmen that compels whole-hearted admiration. It is a fellowship of self-sacrifice which it is one's instinct to support. It costs £250,000 each year to maintain these brave men at their work. Every penny helps. Send whatever you can to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy — ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX

V 140 *Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-* THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

not generally realised, the immense part which the law and its administration play in the lives of the poorer classes. Except in connection with motoring, the law affects the middle class very little. But the acts relating to poor law relief, unemployment insurance, rent restrictions, housing, workmen's compensation and many other matters vitally and continually affect the working classes. All this is quite apart from the fact that it is unlikely that any middle-class man will ever be sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment for stealing threepennyworth of milk to give to his wife when expecting to be confined, as a labourer was a week or two ago. The working classes are constantly in contact with the law, and Mr. Muir explains clearly why it is that they are profoundly dissatisfied with the way it is administered in the various courts, judicial and otherwise. Even High Court Judges are human, and it is impossible to read the long series of decisions on the Workmen's Compensation Acts, for instance, without seeing a trend of hostility to the principle of the acts similar to that alleged by the Webbs in the *History of Trade Unionism*. The result is a lack of confidence in judicial fairness which is not, in the reviewer's opinion, justified, but which is not surprising. It has been suggested that Workmen's Compensation cases should be removed from the County Courts and dealt with by an administrative tribunal. Mr. Muir refers to the lack of candour among practising lawyers concerning judicial shortcomings. By this, of course, he means in public. The most brutal candour is used in private conversation concerning more than one occupant of the High Court Bench, to say nothing of the County Court.

With regard to the cost of litigation Mr. Muir, like many members of the Bar, fails to realise that the main part of the cost is the expense of ascertaining and proving the facts, and this does not vary according to the amount involved. This is shown by the fact that the cost of going to the Court of Appeal is on an average about one-sixth of that in the court below, because the facts have been ascertained. The better organisation of court business and the decentralisation of High Court work which the author suggests would certainly bring about improvement.

The expense and difficulty of appeals is another point dealt with fully, together with the tendency on the part of the higher courts to support, when possible, the decisions of the lower. A matter of great importance to which the author is, I think, the first to call public attention is the damage done by unfair reports of court proceedings. It is, of course, true that such reports are not privileged, and that libel actions are theoretically possible, but a more effective remedy should be provided.

This is a book which should be widely read. The author writes from practical experience, not only of judicial but of administrative law. There will not be general agreement as to the details of some of the reforms he advocates. But he has done something to show up the fools' paradise in which we are living with regard to our system of justice. As Mr. Muir says :

> It appears to be a tradition of English High Court Judges to attend the banquets of rich and learned societies and there to extol the merits of the English Legal System. It is not apparently good form to criticise the legal system at these functions and the Judges' speeches almost invariably display an extreme complacence. The average diner goes home thanking a beneficent Providence that he lives under the English legal system and that he has such wonderful Judges to administer the law.

They say it so often that in the end they come to believe it.

SOLICITOR

CHARMING, BUT—

Private Opinion : A Commonplace Book. By ALAN PRYCE-JONES. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 6*s.*

Unpacking his books in Vienna Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones had the idea of writing a book of his own in which library gossip and personal memories should be combined. A copy of Pope's Homer, with one volume missing, would recall the little shop in Ebury Street where it had been bought ; there were old favourites—travels, eighteenth-century verses—others might not have heard of ; many books again, though hardly worth talking about in themselves, would serve as pegs for memory or reflection. It was not an easy sort of book to write, for though it avoids the formalities of literary criticism and of autobiography while giving a flavour of both, the method of digression tends to become monotonous, whimsical or forced. I do not think that Mr. Pryce-Jones overcomes the difficulty. *Private Opinion* has some charming pages, but on the whole it disappoints.

How few of Mr. Pryce-Jones's titles one is tempted to look at twice ! " Dodsley is unreadable " : true, no doubt, but why devote a page to saying so ?

> It was, however, upon *The Season : A Satire* by Alfred Austin, that I proposed to write. On considering it again, there can be no doubt that it is a very unusually bad book. It is supremely, mystically, bad. Most of it is not bad in the way of being funny. It is just bad. Like this.

There follow quotations to show that Austin can be bad without being funny. And when Mr. Pryce-Jones makes a literary discovery one tends to distrust him. Suppose, he says, a foreigner asks for " a single book, to rough-hew a conception of England, in the sense that *Bouvard et Pécuchet* rough-hews France," what shall we offer him ? Answer : *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. Unfortunately, this whacking recommendation does not in the least dispose us to read what is perhaps a delightful volume. Among a mass of nonentities, two names of authors whom I admire caught my eye in Mr. Pryce-Jones's list : Marcel Jouhandeau and Raymond Roussel. Except for a short essay by Havelock Ellis on the first, neither of these disturbingly original writers has penetrated English criticism. They provide Mr. Pryce-Jones with three or four quite pleasant pages ; but that is all.

Perhaps it is unfair to accuse *Private Opinion* of failing on the critical side. Nevertheless, it is deliberately written round fifty or sixty volumes for which in the end the reader cares remarkably little. As pegs for autobiography they enable Mr. Pryce-Jones to write entertainingly about his childhood, Eton, Oxford, the *London Mercury*, architecture, English country, and travels in several continents. A good book to dip in.

G. W. S.

REGENCY LETTERS

Romilly-Edgeworth Letters. 1813-1818. With Introduction and Notes by SAMUEL HENRY ROMILLY. *Murray.* 9*s.*

In one of the least edifying passages of Byron's published correspondence, he records the savage satisfaction with which he learned of the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, who had committed suicide on November 2nd, 1818. It was Romilly's crime that, after accepting a general retainer from Byron, he should have consented to act as Lady Byron's adviser during the separation proceedings that followed the breakdown of the poet's married life ; and, although there is no reason to doubt Romilly's version of the affair—he protested that the retaining fee had been accepted by his clerk and that he himself, being grossly overworked at the time, had forgotten its existence—Byron continued to regard him as the blackest of traitors. In fact, according to more reliable contemporary evidence, Samuel Romilly was a singularly intelligent and high-principled man ; while his suicide was directly attributable to his love for his wife who had died, after a lingering and painful illness, some days earlier. She was " the only person to whom Romilly wholly unbosomed himself. When he lost her the very beating of his heart was stopped up." And reading these letters, most of which were addressed by Lady Romilly to the celebrated Maria Edgeworth between the years 1813 and 1818, we get a very agreeable reflection of her personality—of a peculiarly steady, sympathetic and sensible nature.

As a letter-writer, Lady Romilly had none of the brilliance of Lady Charlotte Leveson-Gower, none of the dry wit of Lady Melbourne, none of the flighty fascination of Lady Bessborough. At a period when letters, even the most personal, were very seldom entirely unselfconscious, Lady Romilly admits that she " never could make a Brouillon in her life." Her style has no pretensions to literary elegance ; and the charm of her letters depends on the briskness and unaffected simplicity with which she jotted down her impressions of some of the most important men and women of the day. Probably the best are those that refer to Madame de Staël. Accompanied by her daughter Albertine, whom she hoped to marry to an English nobleman, and her unavowed second husband, M. de Rocca—" So I find that Madame de Staël is going to make an honest man of Rocca at last," said the Duke of Devonshire, when a report of their approaching marriage went the rounds—this vociferous foreign bluestocking talked her way into, and out of, all the great London houses, delighting and overwhelming her fashionable audience. Like many other clever women, she resented being left alone with companions of her own sex ; and Lady Romilly remarks that " she is in despair at our custom of leaving the gentlemen after dinner, and when we ascend to the drawing room a few questions as to the whos, the

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

Faculty of Arts.

Chair of Greek.

The Council of the University invites applications for the Chair of Greek, vacant by the resignation of Professor E. R. Dodds on his appointment as Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

The stipend offered is £1,000 a year.

Twenty copies of applications, which should be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, together with references or other credentials, should be forwarded to the undersigned, to reach him not later than the 30th September, 1936.

It is desirable that the selected candidate should enter upon his duties on the 1st January, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from

C. G. BURTON,
Secretary.

The University, Birmingham, 3.
July, 1936.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st 1936.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 15th 1936.

EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

Singleton Park, Swansea.

NEWBATTLE COLLEGE OF ADULT EDUCATION.

The Executive Committee invite applications for Three Tutorships in the Departments of

(1) PSYCHOLOGY.
(2) ECONOMICS and POLITICAL SCIENCE.
(3) ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Salary £350 per annum; an Additional £100 will be paid in the case of the Lecturer selected to act as Sub-Warden; Free House or Rooms in College provided; Tutors living in the College will pay for Board at a rate to be adjusted; Duties to begin on 15th October.

Eight Copies of Letter of Application, together with Eight Copies of not more than Three Recent Testimonials to be sent on or before 22nd July, 1936, to W. B. M. BELL, Esq., W.S., 20 Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2.

GIRLS' Club Leader and Organiser required Pontypool Educational Settlement. Experience organising ability essential, salary £156. Apply Warden, Park Premises, Pontypool, Mon.

ASSISTANT MASTER in September to teach English in Boys' Boarding School under management of Society of Friends, Brummana, Lebanon, Syria. Apply, General Secretary, Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

PUPIL or junior assistant wanted, small modern fruit and vegetable farm. CLARK, Walters, Galleywood, Chelmsford.

CAPABLE woman stenographer, interested in literature and public affairs, seeks congenial post (10 years' office experience). Box 289, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SOCIAL Service. Residential work wanted by woman, 15 years' experience teaching and management children. Salary not primary consideration. Box 238, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BARRISTER, 30, desires post August and September. Box 288, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LITERARY department or Publisher. Opportunity for above work sought by young lady possessing qualifications. Box 294, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CITIZENSHIP and MODERN EVENTS. Experienced woman specialist visits schools in and near London. Interesting senior course. Inexpensive scheme. Principals interested write Box 281, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PROFESSEUR de Lycée désire place au pair pour l'été. Reference Ecrivez à Madame Plouard, Lycée, Perier-St.-Charles, Marseille.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION

•

The Week-end Review

Largest
Net Sale
of its class

•

JAN.—JUNE
22,424
copies per week
certified net sale

•

Cheapest
advertising
medium of its
class

•

Rates for Displayed or Classified Advertisements on application to
Advertisement Manager
NEW STATESMAN
AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
Holborn 3216

PERSONAL

YOUNG writer seeks collaborator, either sex, but intelligent and educated. Please write Box 284, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TWO young men seek four others, adventure cruise, S. Pacific, etc. Small sailing vessel. 3-4 yrs. Small capital necessary. Write BATES, c/o 60 Lansdowne Road, E. 17.

MAN, near London, slender means, wants companion share expenses trailer-caravan (own) holiday, August. Box 293, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A CORRESPONDENCE Club for unusual people 1,800 members the world over. Founded 1927 Contacts, Box 91 Sta. D, New York City, U.S.A.

MAN (28) would like to join one or two others climbing. Preferably Norway. Box 284, SMITHS, 889 Finchley Road, N.W.11.

GOOD walker (35) wishes to find a "good companion" to join her in a cheap 15 days' walking tour in Austria. End of July and beginning of August. Box 292, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE support cremation because it is Hygienic. It preserves the land for the use of the living. You can ensure free cremation at death at any crematorium in Gt. Britain for £5 5s., six yearly payments of £1 1s., or weekly payments of 3d. over a limited period. Write for FREE BROCHURE NSCA, Cremation Society, 23 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. Welbeck 6079.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes. Lovely country Sun Park, outskirts London. Also Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

ALL TYPING work promptly and accurately done. Mrs. Ricketts, c/o Burrage, South Street, Farnham.

STUDENTSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS, Etc.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.
(Founded in Manchester 1786).
SENIOR THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS.

The Governing Body of Manchester College proposes to elect one or two Theological Research Students, if suitable candidates present themselves.

The Studentships will be of the annual value of £300. They will be tenable for two years, but may be renewed for a third year at the discretion of the College.

Candidates must be graduates of an approved University, and must provide evidence

(a) of their academical qualifications, and
(b) of their ability to undertake original research in Theology.

The Studentships are open to men or women of any sect, creed, race, or colour.

Applications to be sent to the Principal, Manchester College, Oxford, from whom copies of the Prospectus of the College may be obtained.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Reg. 5983), 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

HOLIDAYS IN POLAND

Attractive Tours to Poland will be found in our illustrated booklet, "POLAND INVITES YOU." Sent free on request. Special Tours to POLAND, CZECHOSLOVAKIA and GERMANY leave Aug. 22, Sept. 12. 16 days, all inclusive, 27 GNS.

POLISH TRAVEL OFFICE "ORBIS" (Dept. W.O.)
25 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 2094

JOHN & EDWARD
BUMPUS
LIMITED
477 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone Mayfair 3601

HOLIDAY BOOKS

SEND FOR THIS NEW LIST OF BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING, WHICH CONTAINS ALSO SOME ANNOUNCEMENTS OF IMPORTANT FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - 30s. 6d.
Six months " " - - - 15s. 6d.
Three " " - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *The Week-end Review*,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

wheres, and the whens, is all she deigns us, and she hears our answers as if she heard them not. One evening she got into something like conversation with me about Lady Davy, when all at once she exclaimed, 'Ah, voilà les Messieurs,' and off she flew, leaving me to finish my sentence to the empty winds." Observations of that kind are often much more revelatory than an attempt at a full-length portrait; and Lady Romilly completes their effect by a description of Madame de Staël on a country visit. "Most happy," she writes, were the ten days she and Sir Samuel had just spent at Bowood. Madame de Staël—the main attraction of the party—was "an inexhaustible source of amusement . . . but her rapidity of utterance and of ideas is so prodigious that one loses a great deal, and a poor plain every-day capacity like mine often times gets so bewildered that the mind is in a perfect chaos. Her good humour is unceasing and she really is very pleasant, but Sir James Mackintosh's powers of conversation join'd with hers are almost more than poor human nature can sustain." Mackintosh, "the didactic dandy," who performed the role of Corinne's chief champion and indefatigable publicity agent during her English tour, comes in for several light but unmistakably scathing strokes; and, among other notabilities who cross the page, are Jeremy Bentham, Miss Mercer Elphinstone—whom Byron *might* have married—Lady Holland and the Emperor of Russia—"Ah, c'est bien peu galant," he murmured when the First Gentleman of Europe cut his old friend, Lady Jersey, because she had championed his wife's cause; and "Voyez ces deux gros comme ils paraissent heureux," he remarked, "seeing the Prince and Lady Hertford sitting on a sopha together." With a single exception, Maria Edgeworth's letters to Lady Romilly have, unfortunately, not been preserved; but the editor, who is Anne Romilly's last surviving grandson, supplies an amusing account of the Edgeworth family—particularly of Richard Lovell Edgeworth who begat twenty-one children and married, in rapid succession, three times, thus combining the philoprogenitiveness of King Solomon with the high-minded uxoriousness of Coventry Patmore. P. Q.

CENTRAL EUROPE

Central Europe and the Western World. By DR. GERHARD SCHACHER. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.

The forced optimism of Dr. Schacher makes rather dreary reading, but yet this is not a book that the student of European affairs can afford to ignore. For one thing it presents the official Czech point of view, for another it offers useful economic information. There are moments when Central European grievances seem to be too much of a good thing, but Dr. Schacher's figures show us how much more acute the great agricultural crisis has been for the Danubian area than for other parts of the world.

With the main thesis of this book it would be difficult to quarrel. There is no doubt that a Danubian federation closely bound by economic ties would best replace the old Hapsburg Monarchy, and it is unfortunate that hitherto there have emerged only two hostile groups of three—the Little Entente and the Rome Triplice of Italy, Austria and Hungary. The present Czech Premier, Dr. Hodza, has made valiant attempts to bring the two groups together, but events have so far worked against him. It is also incontestable that the Western Powers would do well to take more active interest in Danubian federal plans and thereby counteract the sinister influence exerted by Imperialist Italy and expansionist Germany. But history is being harried by Herr Hitler, and the period in which Dr. Schacher wrote this book is already over. Since the Germans remilitarised the Rhineland France is cut off from the Danube; one realises that even though Dr. Schacht was no friend to the German coup of last March, this was nevertheless a logical preparation for his recent journey in the Balkans. In pre-March days Dr. Schacher was perhaps justified in arguing that Germany was losing importance in Central and Balkan Europe, though the process of piling up debts and then forcing the acceptance of German manufactures in exchange was well on its way. Both Dr. Schacher himself and Mr. Wickham Steed, in the introduction to this book, rightly emphasise the enormous importance, in German eyes, of preparing political by economic conquest. Every German schoolchild is enthusiastically taught how the *Zollverein* paved the way for the Bismarckian Empire. It is a common complaint that the 1931 project for an Austro-German Customs Union was rejected out of sheer anti-Germanism in days when Germany was too shy to insist, but it is here pointed out that the Curtius-Schober plan was formally based upon the 1828 treaty between Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt, the treaty which may be said to have led straight to the unification of 1871.

Hungarian versionism is something of a trap for the romantic or the ignorant, and Dr. Schacher is right to remind us of the oppression of the non-Magyar subjects of Hungary before 1914 and of the peculiarly deplorable social conditions in Hungary to-day. But he is wrong to rule out all possibility of frontier adjustment which Masaryk and Hodza have been willing to discuss. Dr. Schacher tends to confuse Hapsburg legitimism with Hungarian revisionism, and he attacks Bethlen for advances to Germany where it is rather Bethlen's enemies of the Gömbös regime who are doing their best to make Germany a present of Central Europe. On the other hand, Dr. Schacher's attempt to whitewash the royal dictatorship in Jugoslavia is not very convincing. Blackguarding the Hapsburgs is, of course, a favourite sport in Prague, and Dr. Schacher could scarcely be expected to avoid it. But to those of us who have only travelled in Central Europe since the war it may be permitted to wonder how far difficulties on the Danube in the old days were mainly due to a diabolical dynasticism which played one race off against another, or whether hatred between Magyars, Czechs and Germans is not rather in the nature of original sin. ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

SHORTER NOTICES

The State and the Standard of Living. By GERTRUDE WILLIAMS. *King.* 12s. 6d.

The purpose of this book is to give a survey of the new social institutions set up in the last half century to protect the livelihood of those for whom the capitalist system cannot provide the minimum requirements for a decent standard of living. At the same time it attempts to discover the general principles underlying this altered relationship between the State and the individual. The first of these tasks has been accomplished with great skill; an excellent account is given of the growth of old-age pensions, trade boards and the different types of health and unemployment insurance. Attention is drawn to the gaps in the present structure, the defects in the Workmen's Compensation Law, the inadequate protection made for "broken families" and the graver and more familiar charges which may be made against the Unemployment Insurance system. The author's general conclusions, however, may be more open to question. The great changes of the last forty years have been the result mainly of improvisation and opportunism; fear of social upheaval, pressure from the Left, humanitarian feelings and a greater statistical knowledge regarding the existence of poverty have all played their part. The necessity of maintaining the capitalist nature of society, however, has always imposed serious limitations on the benefits which any reform is designed to secure. The author rightly stresses the increased sense of communal responsibility; there is, for instance, a growing recognition that bad social organisation rather than defects of character is responsible for the sufferings of the unemployed. Yet it remains true that whilst society is predominantly individualist, the individual must be made the victim of circumstances for which he bears no responsibility and over which he has no control.

A Guide to Mental Testing. By R. B. CATTELL. *University of London Press.* 10s. 6d.

Intelligence tests have been increasing in popularity for some years now. An adequate critical survey of the whole field of testing was necessary. It has been done brilliantly in this book. Mr. Cattell is naturally a follower of Spearman and omits elaborate consideration of the Binet-Simon scale on the grounds that it tends to test special abilities rather than general intelligence. This handbook will be invaluable to clinical workers, educationists, and industrial psychologists. A critical and thoroughly documented account is given of the present position in research in all branches of the subject. The Chapters on Interest, Attitude, and Object Libido Investment, and on Probes of Character are extremely interesting and contain new material. Some of the tests may provide parlour games for the frivolous.

The Hindu-Muslim Problem in India. By CLIFFORD MANSHARDT. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

The Hindu-Muslim problem has by no means abated. Only the other day the wires brought us news of another Muslim-Hindu riot on a big scale. It is proper to put Muslim first, for in most cases the Muslims have been the aggressors. If the Hindus go in procession with music or play their *Nagaswaram* outside their temples it is sure to offend the ear of some Muslim. And Muslim Number One has little difficulty in passing on his wrath. A Hindu does not like to know that a cow or a bull (both sacred animals) is being publicly sacrificed in his neighbourhood; nor can he be complacent when he finds that a Muslim has thrown a piece of raw flesh into his back-garden. But on the whole, like the Jews, the Hindus do not invite trouble, being a peace-loving people. There are, however, many provinces, native states, towns and villages where Hindus and Muslims have lived side by side without any friction. Mr. Darling, Registrar of Co-operative

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic.: 7289.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34, Southwick Street, W.2. Tel. PAD. 3237. Room, hot bath and breakfast, 6s. Numerous other attractions. Hundreds of testimonials. Explanatory booklet from Manager.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful HOME for GUESTS, standing in 7 acres, restful; electric light, central heating; garage, tennis: The Clock House. Nutley, Sussex. Tele.: Nutley 96.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

ASHDOWN FOREST. TYES, Nutley, Sussex. Country House in 6 acres; 600 ft. up; lovely views; modern comforts; attractive meals and service you will appreciate. 3 *guineas* weekly. Nutley 85.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Russell Hotel. Here we offer you the beautiful country surroundings and individual attention impossible in crowded seaside resorts. H. & C. From 3 gns.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn. Par (G.W.R.); golf, covered and open-air tennis; squash rackets; shooting; fishing; badminton; glorious sea coast. THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL (St. Austell Bay Hotel!), THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: Dept. N.S., General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198. London Office: 12a Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

SEASIDE COTTAGE. Private beach, 6 rooms, verandah overlooking sea, electric light and cooking. July and September, 5 guineas weekly, August, 6 guineas weekly. FISHWICK, Camber Sands, Nr. Rye, Sussex.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation, old-world village, main water, drainage, c. h. w., efficient catering and service. 'Phone 52. Mrs. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Secure yours now for this summer. Terms and photos. Mrs. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC COMPANY is always to be found at "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms; luxury divans. Four acres of lovely garden and woodland. A Pool, Gym, Tennis and Dance Hall provide all the amenities for a real holiday. From 50s. inclusive. Write for illustrated brochure. 'Phone: Baldslow 19.

WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. The National Trust Village. XVth century guest house, "APPLE ORCHARD," offers home comforts. Lovely gardens and country; ideal for holidays. Modernised but unspoilt. Moderate terms.

DARTMOUTH, DEVON. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management, real French cooking. Beautiful situation, near sea. Lovely garden. Up to date, comfortable. Moderate terms. Tel.: 144.

YORKSHIRE DALES, 1 m. Aysgarth. Comfortable guest-house for energetic or restful holidays, full or partial board-residence. Garage. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

SALTDEAN. Private guest house, facing sea. Close beach, Downs, riding school. Excellent cooking, experienced catering. GLENDOWER, Saltdean, Brighton, Rottingdean 9552.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

A GERMAN HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND.
The New Herrlingen School at Bunce Court, Otterden, Faversham, Kent, accepts English boys age 6–13 and girls age 6–16 to join German children of same age during August.
Lovely grounds, healthy situation, special care of little children. Resident hospital-trained nurse. Exceptionally qualified Staff, German and English. Special courses in German, including conversation. Private coaching if desired in German and other subjects. Swimming, tennis, gymnastics. Terms moderate.
School warmly recommended by Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, Professor Charles Gibson, F.R.S., and by Professor Charles Singer, M.D., and Mrs. Singer. Full particulars from Miss ESSINGER, Head Mistress.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service and good food; meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed, bath and breakfast from 7s. 6d. Special week-end terms.

LITTLE PICKET, Linkside, Hindhead. Small guest-house. Charming and very comfortable. Moderate terms. Telephone 262.

THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT,
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals.
River bathing. Riding.
Delightful Trips. Excellent Food.
Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland, finest scenery, close to safe bathing strand; well recommended; weekly incl. terms, 50s. Apply POSTMISTRESS, Dugort.

THE MANOR HOUSE, HEADCORN, offers a comfortable home, a charming garden and home-grown produce. Riding, golf and tennis close by; in fact, the ideal holiday. Terms on application.

BORTH-Y-GEST and CAPEL CURIG, North Wales. Two ideally situated and highly recommended Guest Houses. Sea and mountain air. Conducted excursions (optional). Terms moderate. Illustrated brochure. S. KERR, "Towers," Capel Curig.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

SUSSEX. For quiet holiday in country village, near downs and sea; 35s. weekly. Mrs. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, Nr. Emsworth, Hants.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, lovely surroundings, bracing sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, diets a speciality. Separate tables, Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. Miss MATTHEWS, GALEN LODGE.

WITHIN 3 miles West Sussex Golf Club. Delightful small guest house. Lovely downland country riding and boating facilities near by, good cooking. Mod. The Pipers' Fancy, Coldwaltham, Pulborough, Sussex.

ARE you in trouble? Then try ROCKSHILL (Guest House and Rest Home), LIMPSFIELD, Surrey, and you will find a picturesque, comfortable house with a resident author-specialist on emotional troubles. Recommended by doctors. Beautiful country. Victoria under 1 hour. Tel.: Oxted 683.

CORNWALL, FOWEY. Highly recommended Board Residence. Modern house, excellent cuisine. Boating, bathing, yachting, golf, country walks. Miss A. GARLAND, "Wellside," Polruan.

THE Air of Windsor Forest Talking! Invigorating and healthful. Try comforts at THE GOULDINGS Guest House, Winkfield, Berks.

HOTEL GENEVA, Bexhill-on-Sea. Swiss cuisine and management. Facing sea and south. Central heating, running H. and C. water in all rooms. Winter terms: 3–4 gns. p.w. incl. 'Phone: Bexhill 187. Telegrams: Geneva, Bexhill.

STEEP, PETERSFIELD (Tel. 376). Small guest house; beautiful district; good cooking. Mrs. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

PERRANPORTH, Cornwall. Are you staying at SULLY'S New Hotel? Brochure on application.

SOVIET RUSSIA. A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.
Special Grand Tour leaving London 1st August. 2 weeks £17, 3 weeks £22 inclusive. Extra facilities arranged by Soviet Trade Unions. A few vacancies still available. Book immediately.
F.S.U., FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, Little James Street, W.C.1.

26 HOURS SUNWARDS.—Casa Johnstone, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain. Illustrated folder.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, CAP MARTIN, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension, 7s. 6d. Special terms by arrangement.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol. Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking; starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension 9 sch. inclusive; high 9–12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR, Hotel Hofer.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 2,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s.–8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WORTHING. Channel View Hotel, Marine Parade. Full South. Noted cuisine. Every mod. conv. Write RESIDENT PROPRIETORS for illus. Tariff. Tele.: 1822.

NEW FOREST. Comfortable Guest House adjoining private woodlands. Hard tennis court. Riding, river-bathing. Garage. Mrs. RUSSELL LEONARD, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country. Separate tables. Complete freedom. Moderate. Recommended. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road, Penzance.

STEINACH, Tirol. 3,423 ft. Swimming bath. Good centre for excursions. Pine woods, Flowers, every comfort. Viennese cooking. Terms moderate. Hotel Weisses Rössl.

BOARD RESIDENCE

NOTE in your address book: 26 Norfolk Square, W.2. Bed, bath and breakfast, 6s. 6d. H. and c. all rooms, 5 bathrooms. (Pad. 9461.)

CHELSEA. Very comfortable furnished rooms with delightful outlook, in quiet flat. Breakfast only, and evening dinner if required. Close to buses 11, 22, 19. 'Phone: Sloane 5410.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

SWITZERLAND. In the charming Bernese Oberland, to let August and/or September, well-furnished Chalet (six bedrooms) on the lake of Thun. Every modern convenience; glorious view over lake and mountains. Bathing, boating, garage. Ideal for a cheap, delightful family holiday. Terms 5 guineas. Box 272, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ON AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE GREEN. TO LET, a fine period House of Character in the Georgian style, old but well modernised, standing on highest ground nine miles N. from Charing Cross. Something "different" of instant appeal to the discriminating. Four-five bedrooms, three reception rooms, kitchen, store-room, bathroom, etc. Large sun-lounge, garage for 2 cars. Electric light, gas, Ideal boiler. Well-stocked garden, partly walled, old fruit trees. Close station. Easy access City and West End. To let at £95 per annum. BURTON, 257 High Street, Kensington, W.8. Western 6615.

JORDAN'S, BUCKS. For sale, leasehold (999) detached residence; 2 large reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, lounge hall, bathroom, 2 lavatories, garage, loggia, ¼ acre lily pond, apple orchard. Price £2,500. Box 196, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BOAR'S HILL, OXFORD. Large semi-detached bungalow to let furnished, middle Aug. to Oct. 3 bedrooms, gas fires, elec. lt., main water, veranda, garden, garage. On bus route. £4 4s. p.w. Box 283, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BARGAIN, CHELSEA. Attractive small furnished house, 2 bed., 2 sitt., kitchen, bath, to careful tenants low figure, 3½ gns. weekly. Apply 19 Markham Street. Write Hon. JULIET GARDNER, Garden Cottage, Sonning Common, Reading, for interview.

THATCHED Cotswold cottage (Oxford ½ hour) to let, furnished, from September. 3 bedrooms, bath, electricity, gas, hot water, garden with fruit trees. JACOB, Charlbury, Oxon.

TO LET for 6 months, Langstone Mill Studio, built on brick piers with sea coming underneath at high tide. Studio with gallery and three rooms. Sun balcony, bathroom, H. & C. Electricity. Bathing, boating. Convenient, quiet and lovely. TWORT, Petersfield, Hants.

MISS SYLVIA THOMPSON wishes to let Cottage near Tenterden. 4 bed., bath. Telephone; 3 gns. weekly. Temple Bar 9367.

HOME, Chilterns, for widower with child, company another. Easy journey London. Box 285, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Flat to let. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, use bath. 35s. p.w. (incl. elec. light). 4 Ampton Street, W.C.1. Terminus 6761.

W.C.1. Furnished flat, 3 rooms, to let, 4–5 weeks. Cen. 3755 or write GOODING, 2–4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

ARTIST'S flat to let furnished, HAMPSTEAD, immediately for two months. Sitting-room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, hot water, refrigerator, telephone. 3½ gns. per week. Box 286, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LARGE, unfurnished, sunny room, top floor. Share kitchen, bath, telephone. 114 Gower Street, W.C.1

UNUSUAL comfortable room with dressing-room. Central: nr. Baker St. Modern conv. PAD 9432.

WANTED. Unfurnished, small, modern (or modernised) cottage, within 2 miles Slough Trading estate. £85 p.a. Limit. Box 290, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ROOMS (furn.) in Hampstead, ½ hr. from Oxford St. Quiet house, garden. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI 1043.

WANTED. Central. Bloomsbury preferred. Unfurnished room for woman writer. Use of bathroom. 10s. weekly. Box 291, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PLEASANT, comfortable, quiet room with breakfast, Central, 30s. inclusive. Boyd. PAD 9280.

Societies in the Punjab, was told by both Hindu and Muslim villagers when questioned about communal conflict that the newspapers manufactured and magnified such news. Mr. Manshardt asked the same question of the working men of Bombay, both Hindu and Muslim, and in many cases he was told that the "Government fosters *divide et impera*." The author is of the opinion that Communalism must be replaced by the Party system, and he hopes that "intelligent goodwill" between Hindu and Muslim leaders will make this possible within the next ten years, when the Communal Award under the India Act of 1935 will come for revision. Mr. Manshardt, an American, has been associated with various social activities in Bombay for the last ten years, and has come into close contact with working men. He speaks of "intellectualising religion," but his main findings are that in the industrial centres at least Muslims and Hindus are capable of sharing common civic interests once they realise that the economic conditions of one community are not caused by the other. He has made a modest but sincere contribution to a problem that Indians cannot afford to lose sight of, no matter what larger issues confront them at the moment.

Finland: The New Nation. By AGNES ROTHERY. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Owing to its long political subjection to its neighbours, Finland is probably the least known of the nations of Europe, which is to be regretted, for its people have a character of their own and a persistence of cultured integrity that has defied absorption even when supported by the grossest tyranny. In this pleasant little study of the land and the people, Miss Rothery has done her best to put them as one imagines the Finns themselves would like to be put before the English-speaking peoples. Her descriptions are lively and graphic, and the illustrations that accompany them are numerous and excellent. One of the most interesting of the chapters deals with the objection of the Finns to any suggestion that they are of the Asiatic origin a confusion of ethnology with philology would suggest. They claim to be a Western people indigenous in the East Baltic lands, which claim the portraits Miss Rothery has provided would seem to bear out, even if their language came to them *via* the Asian Steppes.

The New Mongolia. By LADISLAUS FORBATH, as related by JOSEPH GELETA. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Joseph Geleta, the story of whose adventure in Mongolia is told in this book, is a Hungarian engineer, who made his escape from Soviet Russia where he had been held as a prisoner of war, and with the help of a band of Russian smugglers was able to cross the border into Mongolia, where he was to remain for nearly a decade. The account of his long journey to Urga is packed with interesting descriptions of the people and their culture, which are illustrated by many excellent photographs. Mr. Geleta found the authorities at Urga eager to make use of his professional services, and while there he was responsible for the building of the power-station, the Parliament House and the theatre, and his account of his nine years' stay and the progress that he witnessed and helped to promote demonstrates how quickly a people eager to learn and quick of apprehension can adapt their ways of living to modern scientific developments; and can square Buddhist and Shamanistic worship and magic with the motor car, the aeroplane, and electric light, and their nomadic past with a modern democratic form of government.

Botha Treks. By Lieut.-Col. H. F. TREW. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

We know of famous soldiers who became pacifists and humanitarians in their old age, but Botha was perhaps the only soldier who was a humanitarian throughout his life. And the greatest trial of his life was when he had to head the Union Forces against his former comrades and fellow-Boers who had joined the Rebellion at the outbreak of the Great War. The author, who was in charge of Botha's personal bodyguard, gives us an illuminating and intimate picture of the soldier-statesman. Botha, we are told, disliked Roberts, whom he considered a cruel soldier, but liked Kitchener, Haig, and above all, Smuts. On one occasion, hearing the author curse one of his subordinates, Botha reprimanded him sharply, pointing out that he never cursed his officers and would not have his officers curse their men. On another occasion a vindictive citizen suggested that the rebels should be punished severely, to which Botha's reply was: "But I bear the responsibility and have to look fifty years ahead." This book enriches our appreciation of Botha's personality.

Wanderings in Yugoslavia. By NORA ALEXANDER. *Skeffington.* 18*s.*

Like others who have traversed the Balkans on foot, Mrs. Alexander bears testimony to the spontaneous friendliness of the Slavonic peoples. Everywhere she and her companions went there was a ready welcome and hospitality. Though it must be admitted that there is little in the book that will be news to readers of Balkan travel, that little is very much to the point, because we hear more than is usual of the women and children, and there are many stories which really illustrate the conditions under which they live. Two stand out. First, that of the Mohammedan wife, cruelly beaten by her husband because their first-born was a girl, who when cast out secured a divorce, married again and was presently able to dangle a baby boy before the alimony-paying brute who had treated her so scurvily. Secondly, there is the story of the old Serbian woman weeping bitterly for shame that her youngest son had died in his bed. Fortunately most of the stories have happier themes, and give us pleasant pictures of a cheerful peasantry living still in the middle-ages, close to the soil.

About Motoring

SATURATION?

THE men in the motor industry who plan and control production are very fond of talking about "saturation." They shiver as they imagine a horrible moment at which every person who can afford to buy a motor-car will actually be in possession of a motor-car, whilst innumerable factories continue to pour out their 100 or 1,000 new cars every week, unless of course timely warning is issued by these production experts. Not long ago this "saturation" point was supposed to have been reached on the American market, and the salesmen were instructed to meet it by pleading that every household should own at least two cars, and preferably three or even four. Father—I mean "pop"—needed a car for business; mother for shopping and social uses; Junior for his wild oats; and—I do not know how to specify an adolescent daughter, let me say Mamie, so that she might not be too dependent on the cars of rich and immoral boy friends.

At this very moment some students aver that "saturation" point has practically been reached on the British car market. Before discussing the theory, let us recognise its importance. It is no matter of mere financial interest to shareholders, directors and the industry as a whole, but profoundly affects the entire attitude of the Government to our road and transport problem. Congestion has increased so fast during the last two years that the visual contrast between 1935 and 1936 is obvious to the least observant eye. We grumbled about the density of traffic last summer; we are appalled by the far greater density which we experience at this moment. Is the Government to plan our road system for the present volume of traffic, regarding it as a maximum limit owing to "saturation"? Or are we still so far from "saturation" that the Government must plan a road system capable of carrying an infinitely greater volume of traffic than faces us in July, 1936? The Government must obviously analyse this question of saturation before it can plan wisely. Moreover, the problem is one problem for Lord Nuffield and quite another for Mr. Hore-Belisha. Lord Nuffield has to analyse his prospects of selling so many Morris cars in 1937, and distinguish his prospects with a cheap 8 h.p. and an expensive 25 h.p. Mr. Hore-Belisha has to estimate the probable increase not only in new private motor-cars, but also in second-hand private cars, in pedal cycles, in light cars, in lorries and in motor coaches.

The theorists who believe that we are on the brink of "saturation" think *in terms of private cars only*. They ignore the possible additions to traffic from commercial vehicles and cycles. Moreover, they think fallaciously in terms of private cars, for the majority of them speak and write in terms of *new* private cars, and allot only one private car to each family. They base their reasoning on some such foundation as this.

> An income of £300 per annum is the minimum on which car ownership is possible.
>
> The number of privately owned cars in June 1936 is identical with the number of persons paying income tax on £300 or over.
>
> Therefore, in the absence of a great increase in national wealth, the number of car-owning persons cannot be substantially increased.

This syllogism is honeycombed with fallacies. The theorist pictures a young married couple, who on reaching the £300 income scale, decide that they can at last afford a car. They purchase by instalments a new baby car listed at £100 or a little more. That, according to the theorist, is how the noble army of motorists is recruited. Actually, it is only one method of recruitment, and by no means the commonest. I called on some old friends last night. They have a bachelor orphan nephew of 21 living with them. He has an allowance of £1 per week during apprenticeship. He has recently bought an aged car for £2. In his spare time he has taken it to pieces, fitted necessary replacements bought for nominal sums from a knacker's yard, and will in a few weeks own a perfectly roadworthy car, which he can afford to run for a limited mileage on his tiny income. At the next house which I visited last night, there is a daughter earning 35*s.* weekly as pocket-money from a clerkship in a solicitor's office. She lives free of charge with a widowed mother, and runs a baby Austin, which she bought tenth hand for £8. Such lists can be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Car owners of this type do not affect Lord Nuffield's calculations; they are not potential customers for 1937 Morris cars. But they very materially affect Mr. Hore-Belisha's calculations. Or again, a great many cars are bought of capital. I have seen seven new cars bought in that fashion this last month. One was bought when

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Tues., Wed.

ALHAMBRA, Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Wed., Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WESTM'STER. Bride for the Unicorn. Th.S

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu.,W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
LAST NIGHT—JULY 18th.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s. to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Nightly at 8.30. Sat., 5 & 8.30.
The Chanticleer Theatre Company in
"PEACE AND QUIET," by the Bros. Quintero.
Preceded by **"THE LOVER,"** by Martinez Sierra.

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Twice Nightly, 6.25, 9.
JACK WALLER'S
"NO! NO! NANETTE"
with Clifford Mollison, Shaun Glenville,
Phyllis Monkman, Barbara Vernon.
All seats bookable. (6.25, 1/6-7/6) (9 p.m., 1/6-10/6).

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
NICHOLAS HANNEN, ATHENE SEYLER in
WINTER SUNSHINE.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
EVGS., 8.30 (exc. Mon.). WED., THUR., SAT., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
Thea HOLME. Clifford BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., S., 2.30
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Winifred Willard, Henry Hepworth.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283). 8/6 to 1/6.
EVGS., 8.30. Matinees, THURS. and SAT., at 2.30.
A BRIDE FOR THE UNICORN
A new Play by DENIS JOHNSTON.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S ROBIN HOOD
"JANOSIK" (A)., and
Paula Wessely in "EPISODE" (A).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
Monday, 13th July, for 7 days
ROBERT (Poil de Carotte) LYNEN in
SANS FAMILLE (U).
The "YOUNG ENGLAND" of the Screen!

ART EXHIBITION

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10—6.
(1) JAMES ENSOR—Famous Belgian Artist
(2) WINIFRED NICHOLSON—Recent Paintings
(3) OLIVER MESSEL—Designs for Costumes and sets for film production of Romeo and Juliet.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "Freedom in Religious Belief." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

FOURTH THEATRE FESTIVAL

LENINGRAD — MOSCOW

SEPTEMBER 1st—10th, 1936

A special visit to Leningrad and Moscow for the Festival is being arranged by the W.T.A. in conjunction with Intourist, for members of the Repertory Theatres and friends interested in the theatre. This tour will leave London on August 25th, and will be led by Mr. Ronald Gurner, M.C., M.A., Vice-President of the Croydon Repertory Theatre.

SPECIAL 24-DAY TOUR

CONDUCTED £27 INCLUSIVE

Details of this splendid holiday opportunity can be obtained from The W.T.A. Ltd., Holiday and Travel Organisers, 32, Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 7430 (8 lines).

CONFERENCES AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY CONFERENCE IN FRANCE, 1st–8th August, 1936.

For the FIFTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR the Federation of Progressive Societies has arranged for the usual week at the Chateau de Bures, Villennes S. et. O. The Chateau is about 23 miles from Paris, with beautiful grounds and amid delightful walking country.

With emphasis on the holiday rather than the conference aspect, the programme includes lectures, discussions, sun-bathing, bathing, tennis, and excursions. There are no stupid restrictions.

The cost is approximately 275 francs from Saturday evening 1st to Saturday morning 8th August. (F.P.S.I. members, 250 francs.) Reduction if the party number 50 or over. Those wishing to travel with the party by the 10.05 from Victoria on Saturday morning, 1st August, can have seats reserved and tickets to Paris obtained (third throughout) for £2 12s. 3d. Passports are required.

Applications should be sent immediately to HUGH LEAKEY, Hon. Sec., F.P.S.I., 475, Oxford Street, W.1, accompanied by a deposit of £1, and, in the case of those travelling with the party, an additional £2 12s. 3d. Transfer to a better class, can, if desired, be made on the boat.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART
SUMMER SCHOOL
Aug. 5th—Sept. 4th, 1936.

Director: Geoffrey Webb, M.A.

The Art of the Renaissance, with special reference to Collections and Works of Art in England.

Lectures, illustrated by lantern slides, will be given at the Institute, one of the finest Adam Houses extant. A special feature will be the numerous visits to Museums, Galleries, Private Collections, and architectural monuments, organised in conjunction with the lectures. A number of excursions to places of interest are also planned.

Fee for the Course: £5 5s. 0d.; for Single lectures: 3s. 0d.

Prospectus from: The SECRETARY, Summer School, 20 Portman Square, W.1.

INDUSTRY AND THE WORKER.
Professor John Hilton, Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, Mr. Theodore C. Taylor, Mr. Lewis C. Ord, Dr. J. A. Bowie, Mr. Graham Cunningham and Mr. C. H. Foyle are among those who will take part in the Annual Summer Conference of the INDUSTRIAL CO-PARTNERSHIP ASSOCIATION at GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, during the week-end 24th to 27th July. Conference fee from Friday dinner to Monday breakfast, £2 5s. Syllabus and full particulars from THE SECRETARY, 23 Abingdon Street, S.W.1.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807).

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 191a Palace Gate, W.8

READY CASH WAITING. I give the HIGHEST PRICES OBTAINABLE for your REVIEW COPIES. T. J. GASTON, 76 Strand, W.C.2. (Tem. 3048).

AUTHORS. Established Publishing House requires MSS. for inclusion in coming current Catalogue. Best terms submitted promptly for suitable work. Box 287, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SPARE-TIME Income for spare-time writing is the message contained in the Free Book on Journalism and Short-Story writing offered by the Metropolitan College of Journalism, Dept. J5/5, St. Albans. Shows how you can learn through the post and soon earn welcome additional income.—Write to-day.

CONTACT BOOKSHOP (new books, pamphlets), opening Monday, July 13th, 6.30 p.m. Ellen WILKINSON, Gillian SCAIFE will speak. 70 Millman Street, W.C.1. Holborn 0949.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS and Girls will enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

TO VISITORS. We have a selection of beautiful and inexpensive things; pictures, cards, rhyme sheets and silhouettes. Please come and see us after your visit to the BRITISH MUSEUM close by.
THE CHALLENGE GALLERY,
92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

YOUTH HOUSE (residential and non-residential), 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. International Youth Centre, community life, camping, discussions.

STRAWBERRY JAM, Home-made and very good, juicy whole fruit. 6 lbs. 9s., 12 ditto, 16s. car. pd. DOROTHY CARTER, Iden, Rye.

MACKIE'S PETTICOAT TAIL SHORTBREAD is an old favourite in a new make-up.
In thin sugared segments this time.
A most delightful tea-time biscuit.
Per tin, by post, 3s.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

an endowment policy fell in. Three were bought out of legacies. Three were bought by the sale of investments. The income-tax returns afford no guide whatsoever to the traffic increases due to sales effected on this basis. Neither do the income-tax returns furnish statistics about the number of cars likely to be purchased out of a single income. The commanding officer of a regiment has two sons, who are learning different professions, and have gratified him by concentrating on their work. In a single week he bought each of them a small new car. Moreover, as his wife naturally wished to visit her sons frequently on days when his military duties detained him at barracks, and he yet had use for the conjugal vehicle, he further bought a new car for his wife, making a total of four small cars, all operated from one quite modest income. I do not know on what figure he pays tax, but it certainly does not exceed £1,500. Encountering incomes of that range in a Government return, I certainly should not guess that so small a figure covered the daily use of no fewer than four cars; yet in fact this income operates four cars daily, with some small assistance from the non-tax-paying pittances earned by the two boys, occupying humble positions in employment. Another acquaintance of mine with a somewhat larger income, such as on paper I should estimate as justifying an £800 saloon, prefers to equip himself, his wife and each of his three sons with a total of five small cars. Yet in the tax returns these five cars must all be grouped to the debit of a single taxpayer. Once more, the "saturation" theorist fails to realise that a motor-car is regarded in many domestic budgets as a necessity rather than a luxury. Many people prefer to "pig" it (as their shocked senile relations would describe it) with a car, rather than live according to the conventions of a past generation, and dispense with a car. Twenty years ago a colonel, such as the friend cited above, would have occupied a considerable house, with a drive, grounds, stables and several domestics. To-day my colonel lives in a tiny flat over a confectioner's shop, and his batman does the house-work with occasional help from a visiting charwoman; the colonel accepts this astonishing change in amenities simply and solely in order to render four cars possible!

It follows that the statesmanship of roads and traffic is hampered by an amazingly thorny problem when it confronts the statistics of "saturation"; and that the term "saturation" has entirely different significances as it presents itself to Lord Nuffield on the one hand and to Mr. Hore-Belisha on the other. R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 330

Set by Ralph Partridge

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Cautionary Alphabet for Modern Children warning them of the horrors of life.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 17th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 328

Set by Frederick Laws

A recently published intelligence test demanded that the correct alternatives should be underlined in the following statement: "Each of the Concubines of King Solomon was a kind of wife, servant, *mistress*, nurse. King Solomon was anomalous, idolatrous, adulterous, *polygamous*." The usual prizes are offered for a short comment on any historical figure containing three sets of alternatives which would give the examinee a reasonable chance of exhibiting his political opinions, ignorance, or sense of humour.

Report by Frederick Laws

There appears to be an appalling number of people who like the idea of testing the intelligence of their fellow men. The entry for this competition was large, and most of the competitors produced the true examination-room atmosphere immediately. Unfortunately they mostly set tests which were far too hard. E. F. C. drove me to a dictionary and J. R. A. H. and many others provided alternatives which would keep historians of my calibre dithering for ever. Only Mardi gave a set of "notes for examiners." They were good notes but, alas, his test demanded too much general knowledge. Joan Jukes did well to suggest that Oliver Cromwell was called The Crowning Mercy, *The Usurper*, The Rump, The Lord Protector of Ancient Monuments, but she tailed off later. N. M. Howard showed a fine understanding of the howler by noting that Mussolini *might* be considered to be "wheaten paste formed into long tubes," but Mussolini is not yet history. Arbitrary like all judges of competitions, I eliminated everyone who made merry with Marx or Queen Victoria, though Robin Rendle nearly broke down the general ban. Eventually the field narrowed itself down to three. L. V. Upward comes easily first for splendid ambiguity. I recommend that the second prize be divided between Redling and Gordon Simpson.

FIRST PRIZE

Much of the work attributed to Aristotle is—
curious, *spurious*, furious, hilarious.
Some of Aristotle's writings are of particular interest to—
biographers, *biologists*, pornographists, stenographers.
Aristotle was accused by the Athenians of—
impurity, impunity, importunity, *impiety*, impropriety.

L. V. UPWARD

SECOND PRIZE (1)

Charles the Second was the father of his people, of Nell Gwynn, of the Duke of Monmouth. He was fond of the theatre, the dramatists, the actresses. In his reign plays were noted for wit, restraint, licence.

REDLING

SECOND PRIZE (2)

Queen Elizabeth was, at heart,
Catholic, Protestant, Atheist.
Was sexually,
Chaste, wanton, defective.
Was, as regards the death of Mary, Queen of Scots,
Instigator, instrument, innocent.

GORDON SIMPSON

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 185.—AT SPAGHETTI'S

Five of us, seated round a circular table, dined one night at Spaghetti's restaurant in Soho. After dinner we had coffee and liqueurs, and we decided that, to mark the informality of the gathering, each of us should now occupy a different seat. This inevitably led to an argument as to the number of possible rearrangements. The dinner had been a good one, so it is not, perhaps, surprising that each of us arrived at a different answer.

But, obviously, there is only one correct answer.

What is it?

PROBLEM 183.—BRAIN TEST

The required chance is 193/225.

About half our solvers fell into a trap, giving 217/225 as the answer. They overlooked the fact that whoever takes the "brain test" has a 1/5 chance of *guessing* correctly the answer to any question.

Hence Knowall's expectation of 14 points is made up of 10 points in respect of 10 questions to which he knows the answer, plus 4 points in respect of the other 20 questions.

Hence Trihard's expectation will be, not 28 points but 22 points.

And the chance that neither can answer any given question is:

$$\frac{16}{30} \cdot \frac{8}{30} = \frac{128}{900} = \frac{32}{225}$$

* The above solution assumes (as one or two solvers point out) that a "testee" either knows the answer to a question or is completely in the dark as to which of five given answers is the right one. This is a reasonable assumption for the purposes of this problem, though it would probably not hold good in actuality.

PROBLEM 182.—ELECTING THE COMMITTEE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: B. H. Bell, Heather Knowe, Crowborough, Sussex.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

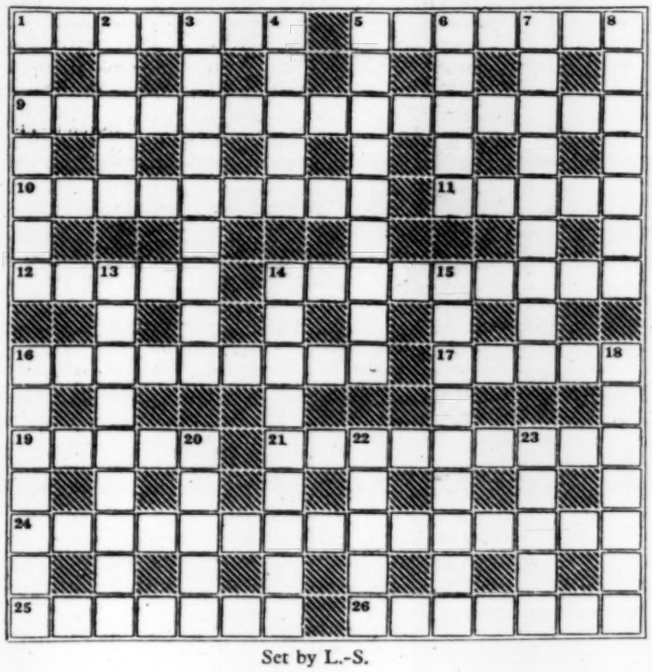
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 331

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
E. M. Jennings, 12 High Oaks Rd., Welwyn Garden City.

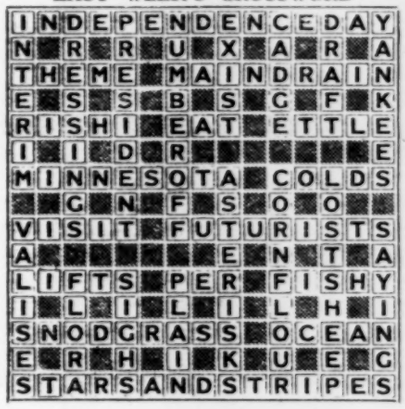
ACROSS

1. Lloyd George will shortly be found with broken bones.
5. These are not the divisions of the Church Army.
9. Not the skill needed for a drinking match.
10. The pulse of a loving conductor?
11. You can raise a crop of it on a wall.
12. Buried in a quite transparent dress.
14. Over-light covering.
16. Vehicular verse?
17. Fliers take to them.
19. How the ashes got jarred.
21. Unbutt-oned as it were.
24. They usually get sandwiched together.
25. Concerning the brothers' lodgings.
26. Light and shady spots.

DOWN

1. Not well marked one might say of it on the range.
2. A double-headed priest makes a beast of himself.
3. Due to taking a step in the dark, perhaps.
4. 'Tis up to him subjectively.
5. Sounds like the hours of the arithmetic class.
6. You should have three each for a card game.
7. Is this reckoned from the foundation educationally speaking?
8. Presume to be most important.
13. They keep in layers.
14. Here one gets French tongue and cod sent up.
15. Goes on top of those who are of 7.
16. Accompanies you on edge oracularly.
18. Cruel lovers.
20. A lot of noise about an eminent artist.
22. Held at Whitby in 664.
23. Not an upright thing to do.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



TANG

It's a pleasure to use Euthymol because its delicious TANG is so refreshing and invigorating. Euthymol's fragrant foam kills dental decay germs in less than 30 seconds. Buy a large 1s. 3d. tube of Euthymol from your chemist or send for a 7-day free trial tube.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS

Send to Dept. 82/94, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day trial sample and an interesting book on the care of the teeth, then buy a tube from your chemists.

MAKE YOURSELF AT **HOME**

It is difficult to make yourself at home in another man's house. That is why a quarter of a million people have bought their homes through the Abbey Road Building Society, and freed themselves once and for all from the perpetual anxiety of paying rent.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR HAROLD BELLMAN—*Managing Director*

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, N.W.1

CVS—251

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW ZEALAND SOCIALISM AND ECONOMICS—A DISCUSSION AND A SUGGESTION—AMERICAN STEEL TROUBLES

THE new Labour Government in New Zealand has been as expeditious and as virile as the new Socialist Government in France. If and when the Labour Party assumes power in this country it will have some fine foreign patterns to copy as well as some bad examples at home to wipe out. Unfortunately the economics of the New Zealand Government are not as good as their Socialism. (I hope the same is not true of M. Blum's administration, but I am doubtful). Now the first act of New Zealand Labour was fine. The Reserve Bank was brought under State control, as it should be, and the shareholders were bought out. The existing directors were retained but became the nominees of the State, holding office at the Government's pleasure. As monetary policy is a Government policy the Reserve Bank now exists to give effect to it and practically all the legal limits on the Bank's power to lend to the Government have been removed. So far so good. The public works scheme was also excellent in itself—£17½ millions (N.Z.) to be spent over three years. This included improvements to the railways which were brought back to direct State control. At the same time the wages of men employed on public works were raised and the 40-hour week imposed. The new legislation also provided for basic wage rates for male and female workers and made the 40-hour week compulsory without reduction of weekly wages, except in certain circumstances. Unfortunately this reflationary or inflationary domestic policy has been coupled with a rigid foreign exchange rate, fixed agricultural prices and a bounty scheme for exports. Mr. Savage, the Prime Minister, is credited with the desire even to reduce the existing 25 per cent. devaluation of the New Zealand pound. Yet he is guaranteeing prices for the agricultural producer. The plan for the State marketing of all exports, applied to dairy produce as from August 1st, contains provision for fixed prices to the exporter. This sort of economics just does not make sense.

* * *

Statistical Assistant: May I say a word about Mr. Savage's request for a reduction of interest on New Zealand loans as they are paying more than was intended when the loans were made? He is not sending Mr. Nash to England to negotiate default on the external debt. That can be done very much more neatly and expeditiously by cable. But just how the new government in New Zealand hopes to secure a reduction in the sterling amount of the debt service remains uncertain. I suggest the arguments for some sacrifice by English bondholders are unconvincing. It is, of course, true that New Zealand is paying more than was intended, in that the physical volume of exports to meet the service of the external debt has doubled since the loans were made. But she made money contracts. Certainly it would have been better if more regard had been paid to the doubtful wisdom of allowing a young country to borrow so heavily and on terms more suitable to an industrial rather than an agricultural community. Doubtless it would have been better for the borrower if earlier dates of optional repayment had been reserved. As it is, the next conversion opportunity does not occur until 1940, and the issue which then falls due carries interest at no more than 3½ per cent. We may well wonder what is in the minds of the New Zealand ministers. Is it intended to persuade bondholders to take less than their due, or is there an ambitious plan to rearrange the whole of the sterling loans on terms mutually satisfactory to both parties? The one thing which is certain is that the bondholders should refuse to accept payment in mutton and butter at 1929 prices.

Toreador: There you go again—setting the capitalist against labour. You must remember that the mentality of a new Labour Prime Minister is very different from that of an old banker. The one thinks in terms of human lives, the other in terms of money contracts. Instead of trying to crab the New Zealand Government's honest attempt to ease the burden of their external debt—they are trying it on mortgages and rents at home as well—can you think of any way to help them without hurting the bondholder?

* * *

Statistical Assistant: Well, it did occur to me that they have overlooked one possible line of approach. To many investors a 3 per cent. redeemable stock at a discount is very much more attractive than a 5 per cent. stock redeemable in, say, ten years' time, which stands at a heavy premium even though the cost to the borrower over the whole period of the loan works out the same. To take a concrete example, there are outstanding over £12,000,000 New Zealand 5 per cent. Stock redeemable at par in 1946. This stock having been as high as 114½ in 1936, stood at 112 only two weeks ago, at which price the gross redemption yield was £3 10*s.* per cent. This is the yield which is demanded by investors and supplied by stockbrokers as being relevant. The calculation is based on the assumption that the certain loss of 12 points in less than ten years must be amortised out of the £5 interest received each year. But, in actual fact, how many holders of £100 New Zealand 5 per cent. Stock 1946 receive £5 each year? Life insurance offices, investment trust companies (if they hold such a "dull" stock), and the huge body of income-tax payers receive not £5 but £3 16*s.* 3*d.* each year after deduction of income tax, but they cannot deduct or recover tax from the 12 point capital loss. The true net yield to such holders works out at £2 8*s.* per cent. after allowance for income tax, and they would have been prepared and even pleased to take in exchange for their 5 per cent. stock a 3 per cent. stock redeemable in 1946 at a price of, say, 98½ to give a net redemption yield of £2 9*s.* per cent. Nor is it necessary that the new stock should have a currency of only ten years. Despite the Westminster Bank and public opinion generally, there is no particularly good reason why money rates should rise materially except that thinking may make it so, and a longer dated stock could be issued at a slightly lower price. Conversion on this basis of all New Zealand Stocks redeemable between 1943 and 1949, and bearing interest at 4 per cent. or more, would have had the following effect on the New Zealand Budget, if Mr. Savage had not "put his foot in it" and prices remained at the level on 24th June, 1936.

Stock.	Nominal Amount.	Market Value 24.6.36. (000's omitted)	Equivalent amount of new 3% stock due 1946*.	Annual saving to N.Z. Govt.
4% 1943/63 ..	£10,506	£11,031	£11,372	£79
4½% 1944 ..	7,340	7,927	8,172	85
4½% 1945 ..	7,581	8,187	8,440	88
5% 1946 ..	12,886	14,432	14,878	198
4½% 1947 ..	11,222	12,120	12,495	130
4½% 1948/58 ..	19,225	20,955	21,603	217
5% 1949 ..	7,500	8,475	8,737	113
	£76,260	£83,127	£85,697	£910

* Calculated on the basis of a net price after allowing for underwriting commission, etc., of 97.

Mr. Savage by his ignorance or impetuosity has lost an opportunity of saving £910,000 a year.

Toreador: Thanks for the tip, which I commend to the notice of Mr. Savage and the Stock Exchange Committee. If I may end on another tip, I would counsel investors to wait for a recovery in New Zealand loans and then—if Mr. Savage does not change his bad economics—to consider selling. Savaging the rate of interest may yet become history.

* * *

While the London Stock Exchange continues to gather strength from the rearmament boom, not to mention speculation in Rand gold shares, Wall Street remains irregular and nervous. It has emerged from the trial of the new Roosevelt taxation only to be confronted with the possibility of a strike or lock-out in the steel industry. The American Iron and Steel Institute is advertising in all the leading newspapers throughout the United States an announcement to the effect that a campaign to unionise its employees is being organised by "persons not connected with the industry." The Institute declares that it will "oppose any attempt to compel its employees to join a union or to pay tribute for the right to work," that it believes in the principle of collective bargaining and that an overwhelming majority of its employees recently elected by secret ballot their representatives for collective bargaining. The object of the wicked campaign is the "closed shop" which prohibits the employment of anyone but a union member. The Institute ends by frightening employees and stockholders with the spectre of collapse just at a time when the industry is recovering from six years of depression. This gigantic advertising campaign is hardly conducive to a bull market in American iron and steel shares. Some cheap bargains should appear in due course.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND

SIR AUSTIN HARRIS'S REVIEW

The 64TH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the National Bank of New Zealand, Limited, was held on Wednesday last in London.

Sir Austin E. Harris, K.B.E., Chairman, said (in part): The net profit of £102,594 shows a very slight decrease of £355 as compared with last year. I think we did as well as could be expected in the difficult circumstances prevailing. We have already paid an interim dividend in sterling at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum free of income tax, and we propose to pay a final dividend at the same rate, leaving £113,959 to be carried forward.

The trade figures for the year to March 31st showed distinct signs of recovery. Trade conditions internally were brisker and more buoyant.

The Minister of Finance is able to announce a surplus for the year of £281,800, which may be regarded as highly satisfactory. In May this year, £4,000,000 of the 6 per cent. loan due for repayment on August 1st was offered for conversion to 3 per cent. stock at 98½, and although this was not fully subscribed, the result was not entirely unsatisfactory in view of the general conditions in the London market and the trend of events in New Zealand, which have aroused a not unnatural hesitation on the part of investors. This sentiment has been heightened during the last few days by a statement made by the Prime Minister which, when first cabled over, created a feeling of something approaching alarm. We realise to-day that this statement, which created so unfortunate an impression in the minds of many investors in New Zealand securities, has been misinterpreted. The announcement made by the High Commissioner, published on Saturday, was reassuring. It would not be unnatural, nor, in my opinion, could anyone take exception, if Mr. Nash, on his forthcoming visit, should avail himself the opportunity of discussing with his financial friends the future conversion of loans bearing high rates of interest, with a view to some possible readjustment on terms which would be fair and acceptable to all parties concerned, especially in the direction of earlier dates of conversion.

LOANS DOMICILED IN ENGLAND

For my own part, I think it is only to be expected that this subject is one which naturally would be raised by Mr. Nash while over here, in view of the efforts on the part of the New Zealand Government to seek any possible economies, and in the hope that some acceptable proposal might evolve from his discussions, but I am in a position to-day, on the direct authority of the New Zealand Government, to reaffirm quite definitely that there is not, and never has been, any intention on their part to interfere in any way with the service and terms of the loans domiciled in England. This is in complete accordance with the high traditions of the Dominion. I hope that this statement will allay any remaining fears that anything in the nature of a forced conversion was ever contemplated by the responsible Ministers.

The overwhelming success of the Labour Party at the November elections was the outstanding feature of the year in the Dominion, and I find it more difficult than ever to give any forecast, due largely to uncertainty as to how far the Government will apply its new legislation and what further measures it will introduce in order to carry out its published programme, and lastly, how far any such legislation might affect our own business.

Although one is forced to look with a certain apprehension to the new developments foreshadowed by this legislation, which includes shorter hours, with fixed remuneration for overtime, in shops and offices, and other matters which might materially affect our overhead charges, I may say at once that I am confident in the future of the Dominion and we shall gladly do all we can to support the Government in carrying out their policy.

Figures of unemployed in the Dominion show a gradual and steady decline. In March this year the number registered was 32,000 as against 35,600 a year ago, and 37,600 in 1934.

Our experience during the past year under the governing conditions has not been unsatisfactory, and without being unduly optimistic I may say that on all sides there has been a substantial increase in internal business, accompanied by a healthy improvement in the Dominion's overseas trade. The wool season just closed has been an excellent one; meat prices have been maintained at a remunerative level; whilst dairy produce prices also showed a satisfactory measure of recovery, and as I have already said, there has been an expansion of banks' advances, which is another healthy sign.

With the present definite signs of trade improvement we might normally expect a reasonably good year, but from what I have said you will appreciate that banking in New Zealand is no easy task, and our ability to make profits may well be affected by the extent to which the Government proposals encroach upon banking business. We know that difficulties must be encountered, but we shall continue to do our best to secure the interests both of our customers and our shareholders. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

ELECTRICAL SHARES DOUBLE IN VALUE

An investor who divided £100 equally between all the shares included in the Portfolio of Electrical Industries Trust in June 1926, or when they first became available, would in June 1936 have had a holding worth £219 12s. 1d. In addition to which the first year's income of £5 6s. 10d. would have increased to £13 3s. 4d.

The Electrical Industries Trust enables the public to invest sums of approximately £50 upwards over a range of 41 Companies operating in this attractive field. Its constitution combines the advantage of Trust Deed control and the simplicity and convenience of the Unit method of investment. Under the Trust Deed, powers are delegated to the Managers which provide the element of "flexibility" desirable in a Trust confined to one industry. The Companies included in the permitted list have been selected by experts after careful consideration of their past record, their present financial position and the possibilities of future developments and earning capacity.

On the basis of current prices the Managers estimate that the annual return to certificate holders will be in the neighbourhood of 4 per cent. gross from cash dividends, with recurring share bonuses in addition.

Units may be bought or sold through any stockbroker or bank.

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST

A FREE BOOKLET which deals fully with the progress of the Electrical Industry and Electrical Industries Trust, with statistical information relating to all Companies included in the Portfolio, will be sent free on request. Ask for booklet NS.3.

TRUSTEES:
GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

BANKERS:
LLOYDS BANK LIMITED.

MANAGERS:
ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS, LTD.
165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2
NATional 4931

Members of the Association of Fixed and Flexible Trust Managers

CVS—16